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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUNT JERUSHY ON THE WAR-PATH

A RURAL FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BY

LIEUT. BEALE CORMACK

Fitzgerald Publishing Corporation
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PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

Fifteen Cents Each (Postage, 1 Cent Extra)

Unless Otherwise Mentioned

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Arabian Nights	Farce	3	4	5	2¼h
Bundle of Matches (27c.)	Comedy	2	1	7	1½h
Crawford's Claim (27c.)	Drama	3	9	3	2¼h
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Hoosier School	"	1	5	5	30m
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Little Red Mare	"	1	3	0	35m
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Mischievous Bob	Comedy	1	6	0	40m
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Belles of Blackville	Minstrel	1	0	any no.	2h
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Conspirators (27c.)	Comedy	2	0	12	40m
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Mary Ann	"	1	0	5	30m
Romance of Phyllis (27c.)	"	3	0	4	1¼h
Fuss vs. Feathers	Mock Trial	1	4	4	30m
Tanglefoot vs. Peruna	" "	1	7	18	1½h
Great Libel Case	" "	1	21	0	2h

Hare, Walter Ben

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A RURAL FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BY

LIEUTENANT BEALE CORMACK

*Author of "Initiation Stunts," "Aaron Slick from
Punkin Crick," "The American Flag," etc.*

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DICK & FITZGERALD

18 Vesey Street

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Aunt Jerushy on the War-Path

CHARACTERS

SUFFICIENCY FISH.....*Right off'n the farm*
ELDER SNUFFELS.....*An old hypocrite*
HIRAM FISH.....*The constable, by heck!*
BILL BARKER.....*Manager of the Carnival*
AUNT JERUSHY FISH.....*Hiram's better half*
LITTLE SIS POPKINS.....*Her hired girl*
MISS STELLY ETTA SNAPPER.....*An old maid*
MADAM REENO DE BEENO.....*A fortune teller*
ELSIE BARKER.....*A carnival queen*
CHORUS GIRLS.....*6 or 8, more or less, as desired*

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—Any rural town.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two and a quarter hours.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Scene—The kitchen of HIRAM's farmhouse.
Morning. The pink letter!

ACT II.—Scene—The carnival grounds in the village.
Afternoon. Aunt Jerushy and the Wild Man!

ACT III.—Scene same as ACT II. Same afternoon.
Call the Constabule!

NOTE:—No scenery is needed, but a kitchen may be used for ACT I, and an outdoor scene for ACTS II and III.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

SUFFICIENCY FISH. A country boy, about twenty. Red or flaxen wig, or tousled hair. Red cheeks, brown freckles, eyebrows painted to match hair. For ACT I, rough overalls and shirt, and old shoes. For ACT II, a dress-up suit too small for him, red tie, a collar much too large, and a small derby hat; also black tights and feathers, and face blackened with burnt cork for impersonating the Wild Man. For ACT III, change back to dress-up suit.

HIRAM FISH. The village constable. Old man wig and whiskers sticking out from chin; old farm work suit. Second part of ACT I, change to a black dress-up suit, bandana, small hat, collar too large, a large watch in pocket. ACT III, same dress-up suit.

ELDER SNUFFELS. A crook in disguise. Black suit, spectacles, white stiff shirt, collar and white tie, plug hat. Black wig, small black side whiskers, heavy black eyebrows. Very sanctimonious. Hands always folded in front. Talks slowly and frequently raises eyes.

BILL BARKER. Manager of the Carnival. Juvenile make-up. Loud carnival street suit and hat.

AUNT JERUSHY FISH. Hiram's better half. Played by a mature woman with a loud, powerful voice; often played by a man. For ACT I, a calico dress, apron, gray hair and spectacles which she wears on her forehead on first entrance. For ACT II, a long black dress and shawl and a black poke bonnet; she carries an old-fashioned hand-bag. For ACT III, same costume as in ACT II, changing to REENO DE BEENO'S Turkish costume with veil.

SIS POPKINS. The hired girl. Hair tied in curls. ACT I, short skirt, slipover apron. ACTS II and III, red and white calico dress and a cute bonnet.

STELLY ETTA SNAPPER. A comedy old maid. Wears a black silk dress.

REENO DE BEENO. The fortune teller. For ACT I, a gaudy summer dress and big hat. ACT II, Turkish cos-

Aunt Jerushy on the War-Path

tume with white veil around her head and across mouth, leaving eyes and forehead showing. ACT III, same as ACT II, changing to AUNT JERUSHY'S dress, shawl and bonnet.

ELSIE BARKER. The carnival queen. Fancy carnival costume.

CHORUS GIRLS. Any fancy dresses desired.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Dish (*to be broken*), glass of water, old-fashioned hang-bag, calico skirt (*to be torn*) and spectacles for AUNT JERUSHY.

Pan of boiled starch, clothes-line, several bills, and a club for SUFFICIENCY.

Large handkerchief to be used as a blindfold, two pistols, megaphone and a cane for BILL BARKER.

Handcuffs for HIRAM.

Pink letter for SIS POPKINS.

Auto horn, phonograph and two large rolls of bills off stage.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; R. C., right of center; D. R., door at right; D. L., door at left. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

SUGGESTIONS

Play the parts with a snap, but pause after punctuation marks. A successful coach makes his actors count 5 after each period, 3 after each semicolon, 2 after each period, three after each semicolon and two after each comma.

Do not move your feet every time you speak.

Act all the time. When the other character is speaking, show by the expression on your face and by your gestures that you are a part of the show.

Aunt Jerushy on the War-Path

ACT I

SCENE.—AUNT JERUSHY'S kitchen. Morning. Doors at R. and L. Rocking chair DOWN L. and a plain chair in L. corner near audience. Table UP R. covered with a long white cloth. The table is set with several dishes, knives, forks, etc., a long loaf of bread, two plates (to be broken) and six or seven white paper plates; there is also a motion picture magazine on the table. Other furniture as desired. No scenery is absolutely necessary as the background may be furnished by a large clothes-horse full of comical garments, or a clothes-line across back of stage with garments pinned on it. Among the garments on clothes-line or clothes-horse should be a white shirt (which is to be torn). Bright music takes up the curtain as SIS POPKINS is DISCOVERED dusting around the stage. Music ends.

SIS POPKINS (*sings off key to a made-up tune*).

There is a happy land, fur, fur away;

That's where I'll take my stand, fur, fur away.

Over the Jordan shore, there I will weep no more,

Though storms may rave and roar, fur, fur away.

(*Starts to dust table, singing*)

I'll have a crown of gold, fur, fur away!

Least that's what I've been told, fur, fur ———

(*Sees motion picture magazine on table*) Oh, looka the pitcher book! (*Leans over table, facing the audience*)

Mov-ing Pit-cher Mag-a-zine. Wonder where that came

from! (*Opens book, looks at picture, gasps audibly as if shocked, closes book*) My land of love, ain't that turrible! Aunt Jerushy would have ninety 'leven fits in the pantry, if she knowed that book was in her house. (*Goes DOWN C.*) It must belong to Sufficiency. Ain't nobody else would have a book with pitchers like them, perfectly turrible! (*Peeks in the book, then gasps and shuts it again*) My land of love, they git worse and worse as you go on. (*Looks in book*) Just looka that gal's neck. She's been in a fight and somebody's tore off her collar. Ain't that turrible! (*Reads slowly*) "Miss Fat-ima Wriggle, Star of the Goldfish Pitcher Plays, in Barefoot Poses." And she ain't got a shoe ner a stocking to her back. (*Poses, trying to imitate the picture*) I seen her down at the Pitcher Palace. She danced all over the hull pitcher. (*Holds book up, looks at it, tries to dance*) I calculate I could dance jis' about as good as her, if I had long curly hair. She kinda fluttered around like this, wavin' her arms. (*Dances awkwardly.* SUFFICIENCY FISH ENTERS D. L., watches Sis) Then she got excited and kicked around right smart. (*Dances faster*)

SUFFICIENCY. Hot dog!

SIS. Sufficiency Fish, how dasst you come a-sneakin' in a-watchin' me?

SUFFICIENCY (*at L.*). Whatcha doin', havin' a fit er sump'm?

SIS (*at R.*). I'm a-practisin' to go into the movies.

SUFFICIENCY. You got my maggyzine. (*Goes to C.*)

SIS. You left it there on the table. Ain't you jist turrible? And you a Snuffelite, too.

SUFFICIENCY. Who's a Snuffelite?

SIS. You air.

SUFFICIENCY. I ain't neither. They been a-wantin' me to jine, but I ain't jined yet.

SIS. Well, Uncle Hiram has.

SUFFICIENCY. Yup, paw's a Snuffelite.

SIS. And your stepmaw, Aunt Jerushy, she's jined, too.

SUFFICIENCY. Yup, she's a Snuffelite.

SIS. Well, Snuffelites don't believe in worldly amusements, so you'd better hide that maggyzine. 'Cause ef Aunt Jerushy finds it she'll go on the war-path sure. (*Gives him the book*)

SUFFICIENCY (*shows picture*). See that feller? He's a hero. I seen him last week at the Pitcher Palace.

SIS. Sufficiency Fish, did you go to the pitcher-show when you was to town last week?

SUFFICIENCY. I'll say I did. I snuck away from paw and seen the ding-busted-est pitcher show that ever come to Fishtown. This here feller was the villyun, and that 'ere one was the hero. This here was the gal. The villyun stabbed the gal in the verandy.

SIS. Stabbed her where?

SUFFICIENCY. And then I went to the talkin' show last year at the Opery House. This is how they did. (*Acts*) So ho, me proud lady, you thought to git rid of me, did ye? You thought you had chloroformed me with limburger cheese that night at the old mill, but—no! I recovered, and now I'll have me revenge. Ha, ha! (*Grasps her wrist*)

SIS (*carried away by his acting*). Oh, ain't you jist turrible!

SUFFICIENCY. You spurned me love and you have turned me love to hate. Now you shall suffer the consequences.

SIS (*acting*). Proud villyun, do yer worst. I fear you not. There's them at hand who will purtect me.

SUFFICIENCY (*sees long loaf of bread on the table*). Ah, ha! the knife! (*Grabs bread*)

SIS (*dramatically terrified*). What are you about to do?

SUFFICIENCY. I am about to do (*Slight pause*) you!

SIS. You wouldn't murder me in cold blood? Help, help!

SUFFICIENCY. There is no help. You are alone. You are in my power. (*Grabs her*)

SIS. Villyun, are you going to murder me?

Aunt Jerushy on the War-Path

SUFFICIENCY (*forces her to her knees*). I'll show ye, me proud beauty. You shall never leave this place alive. (AUNT JERUSHY APPEARS at D. L., *carrying a dish*)

SIS. Don't kill me. Help, police, help!

SUFFICIENCY. Take that, and that, and that. (*Stabs her with bread*)

SIS (*falls at R. C.*). Oh, he's killed me. (SUFFICIENCY *kneels beside SIS*. AUNT JERUSHY *drops dish, rushes to SUFFICIENCY*)

AUNT JERUSHY (*dragging him up and flinging him L.*). Sufficiency Fish, what are you doing?

SUFFICIENCY (*at L.*). I was—I was only—I was jist ——

AUNT. Sis, air you dead?

SIS (*raises her head*). Nup, not yit.

AUNT. Did he kill you?

SIS (*sits up*). I was jist seein' how it felt to be murdered.

AUNT. Sis Popkins, you been a play-actin' here in my kitchen. What 'ud Elder Snuffels say? Sufficiency, your paw will tend to you!

SUFFICIENCY (*whining, with his fist in his eye*). Now, maw, I never did nothin'.

AUNT. Hush up. You know I don't allow no sich carryings on.

SUFFICIENCY (*whining*). Sis jist wanted to know how it felt to be murdered, and I was jist obligin' her, that's all.

AUNT. And you a Snuffelite, too.

SIS (*at R., hides magazine back of her*). Ain't it jist turrible!

AUNT (*at C.*). Sufficiency Fish, you jist march yourself right out in that woodshed and bring me in my pan of starch, and ef I catch you play-acting ag'in, I'll have Hiram wallop you into the middle of next week. We Snuffelites don't believe in worldly amusements, and well you know it.

SUFFICIENCY (*at D. L.*). Wall, I ain't no Snuffelite.

AUNT. I'll show ye. (*Starts toward him*. SUFFI-

CIENCY EXITS *quickly* D. L.) Sis Popkins, ain't you got this kitchen rid up yet?

SIS (*with hands behind her*). Yes'm, Aunt Jerushy, it's all rid up.

AUNT (*going to c.*). What you got there behind yer back?

SIS. Ain't got nothin'.

AUNT. Lemme see yer hands.

SIS (*holds out R. hand*). Nary a thing.

AUNT. Lemme see the other.

SIS (*puts R. hand back of her, and holds out L. hand*). See!

AUNT. Now both hands. (*Grabs the magazine*) A pitcher book in my house? Sis Popkins, ain't you ashamed of yourself? What 'ud Elder Snuffels say? Where's my specs? What kinda book is it?

SIS (*at R. c.*). It's about the movie pitchers. I'm a-practisin' out of it.

AUNT. Practisin' what? Organ tunes?

SIS. Nup, show actin'.

AUNT. Air you thinkin' of bein' one of them show-actresses, Sis Popkins?

SIS. Yes, I be. (*Takes magazine*)

AUNT. Wall, ef you was *my* young 'un, I'd give you a good spankin' and send you to bed. But I don't calculate I kin do that to my hired gal.

SIS. Wall, I calculate not.

AUNT. You see heré, Sis Popkins, and mark well my words. I'm a peaceful woman, I am, when I ain't riled up, but when I *am*—I'm a keg of dynamite, so don't rile me.

SIS. I ain't a-rilin' you, I'm jist tellin' you. I want'er git into the movies, like Carmel Custard here. (*Shows picture in book*) Ain't she perfectly beautiful?

AUNT. Git thee behind me, and tempt me not. Snuffelites don't dasst to look in them books.

SIS (*looking at picture*). You jist orter see her teeth when she smiles, and her clothes, and her curls. Oh, her clothes are perfectly magnanimous.

AUNT. What's she got on?

SIS. I dunno what you call it, but it's trimmed in fur and spangles, and it's got a tail a-trailing out behind her. And she's got rooster feathers in her hair. That's the latest style.

AUNT (*edging closer*). Does she look real turrible?

SIS. No, she don't. She looks like a angel.

AUNT. Oh, well, ef she looks like a angel I calculate it ain't no sin to look at her. I allers *did* wanter see what a angel looked like. Where's my specs?

SIS. On yer head.

AUNT (*puts spectacles on*). Now, lemme see her. (*Looks*) Great day of tribberlation, blow the trumpet in the morning! Ef that ain't the awfullest pitcher I ever seen in my whole life. She's got too stout fer her dress. Looka how she's pourin' out at the top.

SIS. Short top dresses is all the style.

AUNT. Short top? 'Tain't got no top a-tall, as fur as I can see. And she ain't got a sleeve to her name. She must have been tryin' on at the dressmaker's when they snap-shotted her. Her dress ain't made yet.

SIS. Course it is. That's a ball dress.

AUNT. They forgot to put in the sleeves. I swan to goodness! She's jist got two little straps on her shoulders, and that's all that's a-holdin' her from everlastin' downfall. So that's the latest style, is it? (*Sis nods*) Wall, all I gotta say is that it must take a lot of soap to keep 'em clean. You just march out there and put that book in the fire and burn it up. I never was so mortified in all my life.

SIS (*whines*). Aw, now, I don't want to.

AUNT. I ain't goin' to have no sich pitchers around here fer Hiram to be looking at. And Sufficiency, my! if he'd ever see that it 'ud be jist dreadful, on account of him bein' so innocent! Give it to me and I'll keep it fer you. (*Takes magazine*)

SIS. I don't care. I'm goin' to try to git a job as a leadin' lady next time Uncle Tom's Cabin comes to town.

AUNT. Leadin' lady? What does the leadin' lady lead? The bloodhounds?

SIS. I'll play star parts.

AUNT. If you git me riled, I'll make you see stars. What do you calculate that Elder Snuffels would say, ef he knew you wanted to be a play-actress?

ENTER SUFFICIENCY D. L., *carrying a pan of starch.*

SUFFICIENCY (*places pan on chair at L. corner*). There's yer starch. Say, maw, kin I go over to the carnival?

AUNT (*at c.*). No, you can't. What carnival?

SUFFICIENCY (*DOWN L.*). Some show folks is goin' to have a street-fair down to the village to-day. Sim Little told me down the road.

SIS (*at R.*). A show comin' here? (*AUNT looks at her, she changes her tone*) Ain't that turrible!

SUFFICIENCY. Whatcha mean turrible?

SIS. Turrible, if I can't go.

AUNT (*at c.*). Well, you can't—and that's an end of it. What 'ud Elder Snuffels say to folks under my roof a-goin' to a show-actin' street-fair?

SUFFICIENCY. Sim Little says they're goin' to have giunts, and snake-eaters, and dwarfs, and fat women, and huly-hulies, an' ever'thing. Can't I go?

AUNT. Sufficiency Fish, I told you once and fer all, you can't. Now I'm a peaceful woman, when I ain't riled. But when I'm riled I go on the war-path, so don't rile me.

SUFFICIENCY. Wall, anyhow, I gotta go to the county-seat to-night to git me a new hat.

AUNT. Yes, and I calculate you intend to buy it off'n one of them snake-eatin' huly-hoolies at the show grounds, don't you? Well, you can't go. Neither one of you sets a foot out'n this house to-night. Sis, you go out there in the yard and bring in them clothes, and then set the table fer dinner. It's after 'leven o'clock now.

SIS. I'm a-goin'. (*Crosses to L.*) And I'm a-goin' to that carnival, too. I ain't no human slave.

[EXITS D. L.]

AUNT. What was she a-mutterin'?

SUFFICIENCY. Said she knowed how to behave. (*Sits in rocking chair DOWN L.*)

AUNT. The idee of you wantin' to go to a carnival! Snuffelites don't believe in carnivals.

SUFFICIENCY. Snuffelites don't believe in nothin'.

AUNT (*takes white shirt from line at rear*). It's a wonder Elder Snuffels don't get the police and make 'em stop havin' carnivals and sich.

SUFFICIENCY. Kin I wear that white shirt to-day?

AUNT. You kin not. I'm going to make you a shirt out of an old calico dress I got up-stairs. It's too worldly-lookin' fer me to wear. This shirt belongs to Elder Snuffels. He's goin' to wear it himself.

SUFFICIENCY. What good'll it do him? He can't go to the carnival.

AUNT. No, 'ner neither kin you.

ENTER STELLY SNAPPER D. L.

STELLY. Good-mornin', Aunt Jerushy. I saw your back door open and I came right in. (*Takes hold of the back of the rocking chair, tilts it forward sliding SUFFICIENCY to floor, and calmly seats herself*) How's things down here, Sister Fish?

SUFFICIENCY. Things is takin' a fall. (*Gets up, rubs hip, goes to rear L.*)

AUNT. Things are moving along jist the same as ever. The ungodly is a-prosperin', and the righteous is havin' a hard time of it, as usual.

STELLY. Is the Elder here?

AUNT. No, he went to the village to buy him a book. Real extravagant, I call it. He's got two books, *now*.

STELLY. He's sich a dear, kind man.

AUNT. Ain't he?

STELLY. A reg'lar human angel, he is.

SUFFICIENCY. His breath smells more like brimstone than it does like angel-food cake.

AUNT. I was just goin' to iron his shirt.

STELLY (*rises*). That's just what I came over to see you about, Sister Fish. I'll iron it myself. (*Crosses to R.*)

AUNT. What fur? Ain't my ironin' satisfactory?

STELLY. Yes, but it's more becomin' fer me to iron it. You see, you're married.

AUNT. Wall, I calculate I kin iron a shirt, even ef I am. (*Crosses to L.*)

STELLY (*tries to take it*). I don't want to put you to so much trouble.

AUNT (*pulls it away*). It ain't no trouble. Seeing as the Elder is living at our house this month, it's my place to iron it.

STELLY. You gimme that shirt. (*Pulls shirt and gets it*)

AUNT (*goes close to her*). I'm a ca'm and peaceful womern, Stelly Etta Snapper, when I ain't riled. But when I'm riled I go on the war-path. So don't rile me. (*Grabs the shirt*)

STELLY (*holding on to shirt*). You let go of my Elder's shirt. (*They have a tug-of-war, AUNT pulling L. and STELLY pulling R.*)

SUFFICIENCY (*grabs AUNT around the waist, helping her pull*). Hold tight, mom, we'll win the shirt er bust. (*Shirt tears, STELLY lets go, AUNT staggers back to L. and SUFFICIENCY falls into the dish of starch on the chair at L.*)

STELLY (*at R.*). Now see what you've done!

AUNT. Now see what you've done!

SUFFICIENCY (*crying, sitting on starch*). Now see what you both done!

AUNT. My stars of the morning, he's on my starch. (*SUFFICIENCY rises with difficulty, pulls trousers away from legs and goes to D. L., limping and howling like a wounded dog*) Wall, I never. (*To STELLY*) Gimme that shirt, Stelly Etta Snapper, and I'll mend it.

STELLY. Oh, I'm so sorry, Sister Fish. I got excited and showed my temper. That ain't no way fer a Snuffelite to act. It was all my fault.

AUNT. No, it wasn't. It was my fault. When I git riled, I clean fergit that I was became a Snuffelite. I ask you kindly to forgive and forgit.

STELLY. I accept your apology, Sister Fish. (*They kiss*) I'm so excited to-day. Me and the Elder is going to be married down in the village this evening.

AUNT. Married! You and Elder Snuffels? Wall, of all things! So you finally caught him, did you?

STELLY. You mean he finally caught *me*.

AUNT. Air you goin' to have a big church weddin' with all the fixin's?

STELLY. Oh, no; the Elder calculated that would be too worldly. We Snuffelites don't believe in vain show. We're jist goin' down to the village and git married real simple.

SUFFICIENCY (*sticks his head in at D. L.*). I'll say you air.

STELLY. Air what?

SUFFICIENCY. Real simple. (*Dodges out at D. L.*)

STELLY. I foreclosed the mortgage on the old Leek place and I got seven hundred dollars in the village bank.

SUFFICIENCY (*looks in at D. L.*). If I'd 'a' knowed you had seven hundred dollars, I'd 'a' married you myself. (*Dodges out*)

AUNT. Wall, I never was so astonished in my born days. You could actually knock me down with a load of wood. Come into the front room, Sister Snapper, and we'll fix the Elder's shirt together.

[EXIT AUNT and STELLY D. R.]

ENTER HIRAM D. L., followed by SUFFICIENCY, who has his trousers pinned tight to his legs, or wears smaller trousers of same cloth.

HIRAM. Nice kettle of fish you got into, I must say!

SUFFICIENCY. Kittle of starch, I'll say. Say, poppy, the durn thing's a-dryin' on me.

HIRAM. It serves you right fer meddlin' with the womern folks.

SUFFICIENCY. It's the last time I'll ever do it, bull-eive me. (*Sings*) "Settin' in the jail-house, feet ag'in the wall; and a red-headed womern was the cause of it all."

HIRAM (*in rocking chair*). Why don't you set down?

SUFFICIENCY. Ef I do, I'll never git up no more. These here pants is glued to my legs now.

HIRAM. Where's Jerushy?

SUFFICIENCY. She's out.

HIRAM. Where's Sister Snapper?

SUFFICIENCY. She's out.

HIRAM. Where's the hired gal?

SUFFICIENCY (*DOWN L.*). She's out, too.

HIRAM (*at c.*). No dinner ready and everybody out! Is the dinner cookin'?

SUFFICIENCY. Nup.

HIRAM. Why not?

SUFFICIENCY. Fire's out, too.

HIRAM. You find Jerushy and tell her I'm in a hurry. I got to git down to the village jist as soon as possible, ef not before.

SUFFICIENCY. Goin' to take me with y', ain't you, poppy?

HIRAM. I should say not. The village ain't no place fer young boys to-day. It's full of sin and iniquity. The carnival has come to town.

SUFFICIENCY. Oh, poppy, I'm jist pinin' to see some of that sin and iniquity.

HIRAM. Snuffelites don't go to carnivals.

SUFFICIENCY. You're goin', ain't you?

HIRAM. I dunno as I be, and ef I do, it's only in my official capacity as the constabule. It's a constabule's duty to be at the carnival. I might have to put the hull caboodle of 'em in the lock-up.

SUFFICIENCY. Then you need me to help you. Sup-

pose one of them carnivals walloped you on the head with a brickbat. Go on, poppy, lemme go with you.

HIRAM. Wall, don't you say nothin' ter Jerushy about it.

SUFFICIENCY. Nary a word. Criss-cross my heart and spit over my thumb ef I do.

HIRAM. And don't say nothin' to Elder Snuffels.

SUFFICIENCY. He's a-goin' his own self.

HIRAM. What! The Elder a-goin' to a carnival?

SUFFICIENCY. Nup, jist to the village. Him and Stelly Etta Snapper's goin' to git married.

HIRAM. Wall, do tell.

SUFFICIENCY. Yup, she's in there talkin' to mom about it.

HIRAM. Wall, at any rate it'll rid me of the Elder. I'm gittin' plum sick of havin' that man around the house. I kinder thought him and Stelly Etta Snapper would make a match. I arranged it all my own self.

SUFFICIENCY. Yer a reg'lar slicker, ain't y', poppy?

HIRAM. There ain't nobody kin put nothin' over on me. That's how I got to be elected constabule.

SUFFICIENCY. You ain't never arrested nobody yet, have y', poppy?

HIRAM. Not yit, but I almost done it a couple of times. All the crooks around here is too skeerd of me to do anything real crooked. I'd nab 'em quicker'n scat.

SUFFICIENCY. You ain't a-goin' to wear them overalls down to the village, air y', poppy?

HIRAM. Nup, I'm goin' up-stairs now and put on my new red necktie and my city hat. (*Cross to D. R.*) I'm goin' to show them carnival folks what a real live constabule looks like.

[EXITS at D. R.]

SUFFICIENCY. Gosh, this here starch is drying and jist glueing my pants to my hide. If I sneeze there's going to be a accident sure.

ENTER AUNT D. R., *carrying a calico skirt, to be torn.*

AUNT. Has Hiram come in yet, Sufficiency?

SUFFICIENCY. Yup, he's up-stairs.

AUNT. The Elder's in the front room a-talkin' to Stelly Etta Snapper. I thought I'd leave them to themselves a little, seein' as how they're goin' to be married to-day.

SUFFICIENCY. What you got there, mom?

AUNT. I'm goin' to rip up this old skirt and make a new Sunday-go-to-meetin' full-dress shirt fer you.

SUFFICIENCY. Kin I wear it to the village this afternoon?

AUNT. You kin not. I dunno as you're goin' to the village at all.

SUFFICIENCY. Poppy said I could go.

AUNT. The village ain't no place fer a young inner-cent boy like you, when there's a carnival in town.

SUFFICIENCY. I calculate poppy kin take care of me.

AUNT. Sufficiency, don't you let your poppy go near them carnivals. Snuffelites ain't got no business runnin' outa the straight and narrow path.

ENTER SIS D. L.

SIS (*arranging the table*). Dinner's jist about ready.

AUNT. Where on earth is my scissors? Sis Popkins, have you seen anything of my scissors?

SIS. No'm, I ain't saw 'em.

AUNT. I had 'em last week. I'll see ef they're out in the tool-shed. Maybe Hiram's been borryin' 'em. (*Cross to L.*) Can't keep nothing around this house.

[EXITS D. L.]

SIS. What's the matter, Sufficiency? What you standin' up so straight fer?

SUFFICIENCY. Oh, I'm jist a-growin' tall. (*To audience*) This darned starch has got me glued like a stick of wood.

SIS. Air you goin' to the carnival?

SUFFICIENCY (*DOWN L.*). Yup, poppy's goin' to take me.

SIS (*at rear R.*). You're a-goin' and yer poppy's goin'; Elder Snuffels and Stelly Etta Snapper's goin'. Everybody gits a chance to go but me. Jiminy, I wisht I could git married.

SUFFICIENCY (*backs toward her bashfully*). Who'd yer wantter marry, Sis?

SIS (*DOWN R. C.*). Oh, somebody.

SUFFICIENCY (*DOWN R. C.*). Do I know him?

SIS (*twists apron, turning away from him, bashfully*). I calculate you do.

SUFFICIENCY (*twists foot, etc.*). You wouldn't wantter go away and leave me, would yer, Sis?

SIS. I ain't aimin' ter leave nobody.

SUFFICIENCY. But you'd have to, if y' got married, wouldn't yer?

SIS (*looks at him innocently*). Would I?

SUFFICIENCY. Say, if I was to ask you to marry me sometime, what 'ud you say?

SIS. I dunno. You ain't asked me yet.

SUFFICIENCY. No, but suppose I do.

SIS. How do I know what I'd say, 'less'n you do it?

SUFFICIENCY. Would you say yes?

SIS. I would if I felt like it.

SUFFICIENCY. I know I ain't so handsome —

SIS. Do you?

SUFFICIENCY. You don't think I'm handsome, do y'?

SIS. Wall, you got real cute-lookin' (*Pause*) feet.

SUFFICIENCY. Suppose I was to perpose to yer.

SIS. Can't no man perpose to me, 'less'n they do it like in the movies.

SUFFICIENCY. How's that?

SIS (*rapturously*). On his bended knees with his eyes cast upward to the starry skies. (*Looks dreamily at the audience*)

SUFFICIENCY (*looks at her, starts to kneel, his trousers are too tight, he feels them and then looks anxiously at her, pauses*). Wouldn't no other way do, Sis?

ENTER AUNT D. L., *she stands in doorway, unseen by SUFFICIENCY or SIS, and not seeing them. She still carries the skirt and is looking at it closely.*

SIS. No, sir; if I can't be perposed to like a movie on bended knee, I ain't a-goin' to be perposed to at all.

SUFFICIENCY. I'll do my best. (*To audience*) And I hope and pray nothin' won't bust. (*Starts to kneel and just then AUNT tears a strip from the skirt with a loud ripping sound. She then EXITS at D. L.*)

SIS. What was that? (*Looks around*)

SUFFICIENCY (*after a horrified pause*). That's jist what I was wonderin'.

SIS. Sufficiency Fish, ef you're a-perposin' to me go on and kneel down on your bended knee, and ask me fer my hand in holy wedlock. If yer don't, it's all off.

SUFFICIENCY. Sum'n tells me ef it ain't all off now, it will be dern soon.

AUNT APPEARS *in doorway at L.*

SIS. Wall, I'm all ready. Whatcha waitin' fer?

SUFFICIENCY (*feels trouser leg cautiously*). Safety first.

SIS. If you get me excited I'll leave in a hurry, believe me.

SUFFICIENCY. Yes, and if you git me excited, I'll leave in a barrel.

SIS. Don't be a goose. Kneel down and perpose like a hero.

SUFFICIENCY (*kneels, just as AUNT tears off another strip. He falls to the floor*). Good-night, it's all over but the shoutin'.

AUNT (*goes C.*). Sufficiency Fish, whatcha doin' down there on the floor? You wanta spile that good suit o' clothes?

SUFFICIENCY (*looks at her in agony, pauses, then speaks slowly*). They're done spiled.

AUNT. Get up off that floor.

SUFFICIENCY. Who, me?

SIS (*at R.*). Yes, you.

SUFFICIENCY. Nup, I can't do it.

AUNT (*at R. c.*). Why not?

SUFFICIENCY (*at c.*). Say, you folks go on and do what you was goin' to, and leave me alone.

AUNT. Sis Popkins, you come with me and help me find them scissors. (*Crosses to D. L., followed by SIS*) I ain't tearin' this skirt straight. It'll be ruined.

SUFFICIENCY. Yes, and I'm jist about ruined now.

AUNT. You get up and call the folks to dinner. I never saw sich a gump. [EXITS D. L.]

SIS (*at L.*). Never mind, Sufficiency, I'll be true to yer, in spite of all the world. Nothing kin tear us two asunder. [EXITS D. L.]

SUFFICIENCY. Sump'm's done tore me asunder, and they're stickin' tighter'n glue. (*Gets on feet and hands, then reaches back and catches seat of trousers and pulls himself up. Specialty may be introduced by SUFFICIENCY.*)

ENTER ELDER SNUFFELS D. R.

ELDER. Ah, Sufficiency, the good Sister Snapper hath sent me to enquire if the noonday meal is about to be served.

SUFFICIENCY (*DOWN L.*). You tell the good Sister Snapper that when she hears the dinner-bell go ding, ding, that's the time to eat. Say, Elder, they tell me you and the good Sister Snapper is goin' to git spliced.

ELDER (*at R. c.*). Yea, yea, you have been correctly informed. Sister Snapper and I are to be bound in the holy bounds of wedlock this very afternoon.

SUFFICIENCY (*laughs*). First time I ever heerd tell of ketchin' a snapper on dry ground.

ELDER. Verily the tongue of youth runneth fast and sayeth little.

SUFFICIENCY. After to-day she'll be Stelly Etta Snuffels instid of Stelly Etta Snapper.

ELDER. When one lives in glass houses one should refrain from throwing stones.

SUFFICIENCY. Whatcha mean by glass houses?

ELDER. I mean that a person named Sufficiency Fish should refrain from sneering at Stella Etta Snapper.

SUFFICIENCY. Ain't Sufficiency Fish a good name?

ELDER. Yes, verily, but it is an oddity. Why did thy parents ever christen thee Sufficiency?

SUFFICIENCY. I was the youngest one in the family. I had thirteen brothers and sisters, and when poppy saw me he said, Sufficiency!

ENTER SIS D. L., *waving a pink letter.*

SIS. Oh, lookee what I found in the road.

ELDER (*shows that it is his letter, puts his hand to his pocket, then looks frightened*). What is it?

SIS. It's a love letter.

ELDER. And have you read it?

SIS. Betcher life I read it.

SUFFICIENCY (*at c.*). Who's been a-writin' you love letters, Sis Popkins?

SIS (*at L.*). It ain't mine.

ELDER (*at R.*). Do you know the owner thereof?

SIS. Nup, there ain't no name here. The envelope has been lost.

ELDER. Give it to me and I shall find its proper owner. (*Crosses to L.*)

SIS (*puts it behind her back*). Nothin' doing. This is the first love letter I ever got and, bull-eive me, I'm goin' to keep it.

ELDER. What does it say?

SIS. Snuffelite elders ain't got no right to hear sich thrilling words.

ELDER. Where did you find it?

SIS. Out in the road by the stone fence.

ELDER (*to audience*). If they find the envelope, I am lost.

[EXITS D. L.]

SIS. Sufficiency Fish, has someone been writin' a love letter to you?

SUFFICIENCY. Nup, I wisht they would. It ain't mine.

ENTER AUNT D. L.

AUNT. What's the Elder lookin' fer down by the stone fence? He's down on his hands and knees.

SIS. I'll bet he's lookin' fer the envelope.

ENTER STELLY D. R.

AUNT. What envelope?

SIS (*at L. C.*). I found a love letter in the road. It's writ on pink paper and everything.

STELLY (*at R.*). Whose is it?

SUFFICIENCY (*at R. C.*). Nobody knows. There ain't no name on it.

SIS. It must belong to somebody here at our house, 'cause it was inside the fence.

AUNT (*at L.*). Lemme see it.

SIS. I thought Snuffelites didn't read love letters.

AUNT. I calculate I kin read any letter that comes in my house. Sis Popkins, you lemme see that letter. (*Takes it*)

STELLY. Go on and read it, don't keep us in suspense.

SUFFICIENCY. Yup, read it; don't keep us in suspenders.

AUNT. Where's my specs?

SIS. On yer head.

AUNT (*puts on spectacles and reads*). "My darling ducky dumplings":

SIS. Ain't that jist turrible!

STELLY. The very idea of calling anyone a dumpling.

SUFFICIENCY. Ef anybody called me a ducky dumpling I'd throw 'em in the crick.

SIS. Go on, the best part is yet to come.

AUNT (*at L., reads*). "To think that I am going to

see my own sweet daddy again after three long weary months."

STELLY (*going to R. C.*). Sweet daddy; that means she's writing to her paw.

SIS (*at L. C.*). Naw it don't, that's jist a new kind of a love name. Go on, Aunt Jerushy.

AUNT (*goes to C., surrounded by the others, and reads*). "I shall meet you in the little striped tent at three o'clock."

SUFFICIENCY. Hot dog! She's one of them carnivals.

AUNT (*reading*). "But I'm going to drive by your boarding-house at noon just to see if I can get a glimpse of my honey-bunch."

SIS. Ain't that turrible!

AUNT (*reading*). "When you meet me this afternoon I'll grab Barker's money and we'll make our get-away together. We'll catch the evening train for Kansas."

STELLY. Somebody's going to git eloped with. You orter notify the sheriff.

AUNT. Some woman's been a-writin' to some man in this house.

SIS. Ain't that turrible! How does she sign it?

AUNT (*reads*). "Your lovey-dovey, Reeno de Beeno, Queen of the Carnival."

STELLY. Who do you reckon it was writ to?

AUNT. It wasn't Hiram, I know. 'Cause we've been married two years and this letter says she saw him three months ago. So it ain't Hiram.

STELLY. Then it must be—— (*Pauses*)

OTHERS. Who?

STELLY (*points to him*). Sufficiency Fish!

SUFFICIENCY. Hot dog! I wonder who's fell in love with me.

SIS. It ain't Sufficiency. He don't know no queen of no carnival.

SUFFICIENCY. Not yit, maybe, but you jist wait.

AUNT. I know whose letter that is.

OTHERS. Whose?

AUNT. I'll bet a cooky it belongs to the Elder.

SIS. I'll bet so, too. He jist came back from the village before I found it. He was out by the fence.

AUNT. Oh, the hypocrite!

STELLY. The Elder! Why, he's goin' to marry me! Oh, I've been deceived, I've been deceived. (*Staggers*) He's a wolf in sheep's clothes. Help, help! (*Faints in chair at R.*)

SIS. She's sick.

AUNT. She's fainted. (*All rush around in confusion*) Quick, Sis, call Hiram. Sufficiency, git outa my way. She'll die in a faint.

SIS. Give her air.

AUNT. Lemme git her some water.

[EXITS *quickly* D. L.]

STELLY (*laughs and cries in hysterics*). Oh, the villain, the horrid monster.

SIS. She's got the hy-sterics, fan her, burn a feather under her nose.

SUFFICIENCY. Stick a pin in her. (*Does so*)

STELLY (*gives a loud shriek and jumps up*). Wow! (*Runs to L. and faints again*)

SIS (*fanning her*). Water! Water!

SUFFICIENCY (*sits in chair at L.*). Git a doctor.

ENTER AUNT D. L., with a glass of water. She rushes to L.

AUNT (*throwing water in SUFFICIENCY'S face*). There!

SUFFICIENCY. Help! (*Falls to the floor*)

STELLY (*rising*). Oh, the villain. (*Faints in SIS'S arms*)

SIS (*pushes STELLY in AUNT'S arms*). There!

AUNT (*at L.*). Hiram, Hiram!

SUFFICIENCY (*goes to AUNT*). Is she dead?

AUNT (*drops STELLY in SUFFICIENCY'S arms*). I'll call yer father. (*Crosses to R.*)

ENTER ELDER D. L.

SUFFICIENCY (*drops STELLY in ELDER'S arms*). You kin have her, I don't want her.

STELLY (*revives*). Where am I?

SIS (*at c.*). You're in —— (*Insert the name of the town where the play is being given*)

ELDER. My dear Sister Snapper ——

STELLY (*turns on him with fury*). Oh, you deceitful, double-dyed villain, how dare you speak to me. (*Runs to R.*) I'll call the constabule and have you arrested. (*ELDER follows her R.*)

SIS (*at R. c.*). They all read your letter.

ELDER (*at R., turns to SIS*). My letter!

SIS. The pink love-letter I found in the yard.

ELDER. What!

SUFFICIENCY (*at L. c., waves letter at ELDER*). This letter. The one that calls you darling ducky dumplings.

ELDER. That letter doesn't belong to me.

ALL. It doesn't? (*STELLY crosses rear from R. to L.*)

ELDER. It does not. It belongs to someone else. (*Takes letter*)

SUFFICIENCY. There ain't no one else, 'cept'n poppy.

ELDER. Then it must belong to him.

ENTER HIRAM D. R., *all dressed up*. Goes DOWN C.

SUFFICIENCY. Oh, poppy, what I know about you.

ELDER. Shame on you, Brother Fish, to receive a letter like that.

SIS. I'd never 'a' thunk it of you, never.

STELLY. And you a constabule, too. And a married man. Pretty goings on!

SUFFICIENCY. Why don't you ——

STELLY. —Speak!

SIS. And say something.

ELDER (*at R.*). The hand of iniquity hath stricken him silent. But the letter speaks for itself.

HIRAM (*c.*). What letter?

SIS (*at R. c.*). The pink letter.

SUFFICIENCY (*at L. C.*). From the queen of the carnival, Reeno de Beeno.

STELLY (*at rear L.*). She says you're goin' to elope with her.

HIRAM. Elope with who?

ALL. With you!

ELDER. Shame on you, Brother Fish.

HIRAM (*crosses to ELDER, threateningly*). What do you mean?

ELDER. How dare you receive a letter like this! (*Waves it*)

HIRAM. You're crazy. That ain't mine. I never saw it before.

SUFFICIENCY. Then it belongs to the Elder.

HIRAM. I know it ain't mine.

ELDER. And I know it is. What will your wife say? Receiving letters from carnival women! Oh, iniquity thy name is Fish!

STELLY (*at L.*). Jerushy orter git a divorce. I knew all the time it didn't belong to my Elder.

ELDER (*reading the letter*). She says she's going to drive by the house at noon to get a glimpse of her honey-bunch.

HIRAM. Gimme that letter. (*They struggle*)

STELLY. Oh, he's murdering the Elder. Help, help!

ENTER AUNT, D. L. *Quick music until curtain falls.*

SIS (*runs to her*). That letter didn't belong to the Elder, it belonged to Uncle Hiram.

AUNT (*at L.*). To Hiram! (*Honk of an auto horn is heard outside. All listen*)

SUFFICIENCY (*looks out at D. R.*). There she is now. She's out in the lane in an ottymobile.

AUNT. Call her in. We'll see who she's been calling ducking dumpling.

ELDER. No, no. That woman shall not enter this peaceful house.

HIRAM. Let her come in.

ELDER. Then I shall go. (*Breaks away from HIRAM and starts toward D. R.*)

SUFFICIENCY (*grabs him and tosses him to HIRAM*). No, you don't.

ELDER (*to HIRAM*). Release me, son of Belial, release me! (*They struggle. Auto horn is heard louder*)

SUFFICIENCY. Trip him up, poppy, trip him up. (*HIRAM trips ELDER, they fall to the floor at R. front, struggling and fighting*)

AUNT. Sis, run and tell that womern to come in.

[SIS EXITS D. R., *running*.

STELLY. Oh, he's murdering the Elder! Stop him, stop him!

ENTER SIS, D. R., *followed by* MADAM REENO DE BEENO.

SIS. Here she is. Come on in and pick out your dumpling. (*They go C.*)

REENO. Where is he?

OTHERS (*point to ELDER on floor*). There he is.

ELDER. It isn't true. I never saw you before in my life, did I?

REENO. No, you never did.

ELDER. I'm not your dumpling, am I?

REENO (*at C.*). No, there's my dumpling. (*Points to HIRAM on floor at R.*)

HIRAM. Who, me?

REENO. Yes, you!

AUNT (*at L., gives a sudden scream*). What! (*Grabs a plate from table*)

SIS (*at rear R.*). Stop her!

AUNT. You can't stop me, I'm on the war-path. (*Throws plate at HIRAM, it breaks on floor*) Take that—and that! (*Throws another plate*)

ALL. Help, help!

AUNT. And that, and that, and that! (*Takes up paper plates and throws them into the audience*)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*The village carnival grounds. Afternoon of same day. No scenery is necessary, but an outdoor scene would improve the setting. Hang several white sheets in the background to represent the tent. Have several large drawings, four feet square, made in colored chalk representing a fat woman, a thin man, a huge snake and a dancing girl attached to the sheet. Circus lithographs may be used. Easel stands at rear L. with white placard on it. On the placard are painted numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, large and plain enough to be seen by everyone in the audience. Small box (soap box will do) at rear C. Phonograph off stage at rear R. Before the curtain rises play a jazz band selection on phonograph. As curtain rises BILL BARKER is DISCOVERED at rear C. on box, with a megaphone and a cane.*

BARKER. This way for the greatest show on the grounds! This way, this way! All ready. Come on up. Stand close to the platform, all of you. Young and old, brave and bold, short and tall, big and small, crowd up close for the grand free exhibition of the greatest show on earth. (*Points to picture of Fat Girl*) Look, look! See these pitchers? Everything that is pitched out here is positively guaranteed to be seen inside the big show. Look, look! Smiling Minnie, the biggest fat lady in captivity! Gather in close! Look, look! Come closter, closter, so clost you can pick my pockets, but don't you try it er you'll git a punch in the ——. Look, look! Big Minnie, the fattest girl that ever breathed. She is actually so fat she can't set down. Look, look. On the inside! And here we have the beautiful, blushing beauties from the South Sea Isles. They'll sing, they'll dance, they'll jump and they'll prance.

Crowd up closter and don't miss nothing. It is free, positively free. Come on, girls. (*Six or eight girls, including ELSIE BARKER, ENTER from rear R., do a specialty and then dance off at rear R.*) Come on in, the water's fine. The little lady will now pass out the tickets. Remember, the price is only a quarter, twenty-five cents, the quarter of a dollar. Don't push, don't shove, there's plenty of room on the inside. Pass on in!

ENTER HIRAM *and* SUFFICIENCY *from L.*

HIRAM. Is this yere the place where you got 'em?

BARKER. This is the big show. It costs only a quarter. Pass on in. See Uno, the wonderful dancer. Uno, the beautiful. Uno, the flexible. Come on in and see Uno. She dances, she prances, she shakes and she shivers!

HIRAM. Sufficiency, you wait out here until I go in and see the show. Then if it's all right I'll come out and take you in.

SUFFICIENCY. Nothin' doin', poppy. Where you go, I'll go.

BARKER. Step up and get your tickets. Only twenty-five cents a piece, two-bits, a quarter of a dollar.

HIRAM. Say, mister, I'm the town constabule, I am, and this here's my son, Sufficiency. Town constabule don't have to have no ticket, does he?

BARKER. I paid my license, didn't I?

HIRAM. I calculate you did.

BARKER. Then you've got to pay to see the show.

HIRAM. I thought you said you had a free show.

BARKER. The free show is over for to-day.

HIRAM. Can't I see nothin' fer nothin'?

BARKER. Maybe you can. I'll show you Madam Reeno de Beeno, the most famous mind-reader and mystical woman that ever lived. She is the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and she can tell what you are thinking about without you saying a word. (*Calls*) Reeno!

ENTER REENO, *from R., in Turkish costume, lower part of face veiled.*

REENO. Who calls Reeno?

BARKER. I am going to give a little exhibition in mind reading for the constable of the town. First, I tie this handkerchief over her eyes. (*Does so*) Here we have an easel with ten figures on it. The little lady turns her back to you, so. You point to a figure without saying a word and the little lady immediately calls out that figure. Go on, mister, and point to some figure on the easel.

HIRAM (*bashfully*). Naw, I don't want'er.

SUFFICIENCY. Go on, poppy, it won't cost you a cent. (*To BARKER*) You can't flimflam my poppy, he's a slicker, he is.

HIRAM. All right, there. (*Points to figure two*)

BARKER. Speak up.

REENO. The gentleman pointed to number two.

HIRAM (*points to four*).

BARKER. Speak up quick now.

REENO. The gentleman pointed to number four.

HIRAM. Ain't that marvellous? You try it, Sufficiency.

SUFFICIENCY (*points to figure one*). There!

BARKER. Speak!

REENO. One.

BARKER. Correct.

SUFFICIENCY (*points to figure nine*). There! (*Counts BARKER'S words on his fingers*).

BARKER (*slowly*). Tell us what this figure is. Speak up quick.

SUFFICIENCY. Huh, I kin do that.

REENO. The figure is nine. (*Removes blindfold and gives it to BARKER*) [EXITS R.

BARKER. Now, if you'll step on the inside you will see the greatest wonders of the age including Zu-zu the snake eater and Ko-ko the Wild Man.

SUFFICIENCY. I ain't lookin' fer no wild man; ain't you got no wild women?

BARKER. Plenty of 'em, plenty of 'em. On the inside. Only two bits, on the inside.

HIRAM. That mind-reader was the best play actress I ever saw in my life, by Heck.

SUFFICIENCY (*to BARKER*). Say, mister, I'm a play actor, too, and my poppy here he's a mind-reader.

BARKER (*laughs*). Maybe so, but of course nothing like Reeno de Beeno who just performed for you.

SUFFICIENCY. My poppy's got Reeno de Beeno baked in the bean-pot. Say, I kin blindfold my poppy and you kin point to any number there and he kin tell you what it is.

BARKER. Are you sure?

SUFFICIENCY. You bet he kin. My poppy's a slicker, he is. My poppy kin tell you the number and I won't say a word. (*Whispers in HIRAM's ear*)

BARKER. You won't say a word? Then he can't do it. It isn't possible, if you don't say a word. I'll bet you five dollars he can't tell the number I pick out if you don't say a word and he's blindfolded.

SUFFICIENCY (*produces bill*). There's my five dollars that poppy kin do it.

BARKER (*produces a bill*). And you won't say a word?

SUFFICIENCY. Nary a word.

HIRAM. I'll hold the stakes. (*Takes the two bills*)

BARKER. Let me blindfold him. (*Does so*)

SUFFICIENCY. Go as fur as you like. My poppy sure is a slicker. He's the greatest second-sight mind-reader and hoss thief outa captivity. He's the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and kin read yer mind er pick your pocket as easy as shootin'. (*Takes a folded paper from pocket*)

BARKER (*points to figure three*). There let him read that. (*SUFFICIENCY hits HIRAM three times with folded paper*)

HIRAM. Three.

SUFFICIENCY (*grabs the money and laughs*). Gimme that money.

BARKER. I'll bet he can't do it again. (*They each give HIRAM another bill*) Now what's that? (*Points to nine. SUFFICIENCY hits HIRAM nine loud whacks*)

HIRAM (*staggering*). Nine, by gosh.

SUFFICIENCY. And Sufficiency takes the money.

BARKER. I'll bet you ten dollars he can't do it again.

SUFFICIENCY. Ten dollars it is. (*They hand HIRAM the bills*)

HIRAM. I certainly hope there ain't no higher number on that board than nine.

BARKER. Are you ready?

HIRAM. Yup, I'm ready, but go kinda easy.

BARKER. Then what is this figure? (*Points to zero*)

SUFFICIENCY (*stumped*). Huh?

BARKER. I said what is this figure?

SUFFICIENCY (*scratches his head, makes a grimace*). You mean that figger? (*Points to zero*)

BARKER. Yes, that one. Mind, you're not to say a word. (*SUFFICIENCY pauses, then an idea strikes him, he smiles, goes to HIRAM and gives him a sudden, sharp kick*)

HIRAM (*loudly*). Oh!

SUFFICIENCY. That's right, it's oh, and I takes the money. (*Grab money and run out L.*)

HIRAM (*pulls blind from his eyes*). That durn fool like to ruined me.

BARKER. Yes, and he like to busted me. (*They go out at L.*)

SUFFICIENCY RE-ENTERS from L. and sings comedy song. ELSIE and the CHORUS GIRLS ENTER from R. and sing the chorus with him.

SUFFICIENCY (*at L.*). Gee gosh, look at the gals.

GIRLS (*in a group at R.*). Good-morning, Josh.

ELSIE (*goes to C.*). Oh, what a cute little boy.

SECOND GIRL (*runs to SUFFICIENCY*). Ain't he the funniest thing!

OTHER GIRLS (*surround SUFFICIENCY*). He's lost his mama.

THIRD GIRL. Poor little fellow.

SUFFICIENCY (*looking around*). Where is he?

GIRLS. Where is who?

SUFFICIENCY. The cute little boy?

ELSIE. Girls, he wants to know where the cute little boy is.

ALL GIRLS. Why, *you* are the cute little boy.

SUFFICIENCY. Who, me? I ain't no boy. I'm a man. (*Goes to c.*) And my poppy's the constabule. (GIRLS *surround him*)

THIRD GIRL. Hasn't he got nice rosy cheeks? (*Pinches them*)

ELSIE. And nice rosy hair. (*Pulls it*)

SECOND GIRL. And look at the funny little dots on his face.

SUFFICIENCY. You know what them little dots is? Them's beauty marks. Say, I'm a reg'lar lady killer, ain't I?

ELSIE. Sure. One look at you would kill any lady, wouldn't it, girls?

GIRLS. It surely would.

ENTER HIRAM *from L.*

HIRAM (*at L.*). Hay! You leave my son alone.

GIRLS (*all run to L.*). Oh, look.

ELSIE. Did you just blow in?

HIRAM. You bet I did. I blew in a quarter of a dollar fer peanuts, I did.

ELSIE. A quarter of a dollar.

SECOND GIRL. Why, you're a regular old spendthrift.

HIRAM. Sufficiency, don't you git so dad-burned fresh with them gals.

SUFFICIENCY (*crossing to HIRAM*). We was jist beginning to git acquainted, paw.

HIRAM. Here's a nickel. You go over to the lunch-stand and git you a hamburger sandwich, and don't git fresh.

ELSIE. He won't. They don't sell fresh ones.

SUFFICIENCY. Over the river, sweet patootie.

[EXITS *at R.*

HIRAM. Now, young womern, I don't want no cuttin' up 'round here to-day. I'm the town constabule, I be, and I won't stand no nonsense.

SECOND GIRL. Come on, girls, he's an old crab apple.

[EXITS *at R.*

THIRD GIRL. How's crops down your way, Josh?

[EXITS *R. with other girls.*

ELSIE (*crosses to HIRAM*). Say, uncle, do you live here?

HIRAM. Yup, about three miles outa town.

ELSIE. Lived here all your life?

HIRAM. Not yet.

ELSIE. I was wondering if there was any place where I could get a good drink of grape juice.

HIRAM. Yup, down at Si Wollopses grocery store. You kin git anything down at Si's store from a hymn-book to a gallon of home brew.

ELSIE. It's so warm, I'd just love a nice glass of something cold.

HIRAM. Come on with me. (*Offers arm and they start out at L.*) I'll take you down to Si's and git ye a nice cold drink of ice-water.

[EXIT HIRAM and ELSIE *at L.*

ENTER SIS *from R., crying loudly.*

SIS. Ooo! Ow-ow! I can't find Aunt Jerushy anywheres, and she's got all the money so as I can't go nowheres, and I've looked everywheres until there ain't nowheres else to hunt her. And I'm skeerd all by myself. Some of these here city slickers is liable to try and steal me. (*Weeps loudly*) Oh, dear me suz, I wisht I was back ter hum. (*At R. corner, near audience*)

ENTER AUNT JERUSHY *from L., crosses to R. C.*

AUNT. Sis Popkins, there you be!

SIS. Oh, Aunt Jerushy, I'm glad I found you. I thought I was done lost.

AUNT. What are you doing here at this carnival? Ain't you ashamed to be in sich a sink of iniquity? What would Elder Snuffels say?

SIS. I didn't aim to come, but I jist naturally wanted to see what a sink of iniquity looked like.

AUNT. Have you seen anything of Hiram Fish?

SIS. I ain't seen nobody no time.

AUNT. You jist wait till I lay hands on that man, that's all. He's here in town somewheres and I'm going to find him, if it's my last act. I'll get to the bottom of this mystery, er my name ain't Jerushy Jane Fish, born a Higginbottom.

SIS. I don't think Uncle Hiram is going to meet no Reeno de Beeno and elope. It don't seem possible.

AUNT. When you've been married to a man as long as I have, Sis Popkins, everything is possible. No matter how old or how good they are, no matter how sanctified they claim to be, you got to watch 'em every hour of the day, and every minute of that hour. Just as soon as a male critter is old enough to put into long trousers, you gotta watch 'em.

ENTER *from L., ELDER with MISS SNAPPER on his arm.*
They stand at L. and SIS and AUNT at R.

SIS. Why, Elder Snuffels, what air *you* a-doin' at a carnival?

AUNT (*to him*). I certainly am surprised! (*Turns to SIS*) But it's jist what I been a-tellin' you, Sis, you can't trust ary one of 'em.

SIS. Ain't it turrible!

AUNT. Men is men, be they elders er be they acrobats, and the least said, soonest mended.

ELDER. Now, Sister Fish, curb your suspicious tongue. Sister Snapper and I were just taking an innocent stroll through the village.

AUNT. Right in the heart of the carnival.

STELLY. We started over to the bank. I'm going to draw all my money out to-day. The dear Elder is going to invest it for me. But what are *you* doing here, Sister Fish?

AUNT. I'm looking for my husband, Hiram.

ELDER. And well you may. (*Slowly*) Verily, verily, thy husband is not to be trusted. The woman who came to see him at the farm this morning was very suspicious. I was shocked, sister, yea verily!

AUNT (*snappily*). I ain't so sure that it was *him* she came to see.

STELLY. Of course it was. Who else could it have been?

AUNT. That's what I'm here to find out. I'm a ca'm and peaceful womern, when I ain't riled. But when I *am* riled, I'm on the war-path, and if my Hiram Fish is here to meet some womern unbeknown to me, I'm here to take a hand in the *proceedings* myself.

STELLY (*crosses to rear R., on ELDER'S arm*). Don't you want to go with us over to the bank?

AUNT (*snaps*). No, I don't. I'm on the lookout fer Hiram, and I know he ain't at no bank.

STELLY. We're a-going to be married jist as soon as I draw out my money.

AUNT. Well, I wish you well, Stelly Etta Snapper, and that's all I can say.

STELLY. Maybe we'll see you later.

[EXITS *at rear R. with ELDER.*

AUNT. Sis, you stay here and keep a sharp lookout fer Hiram. I'm going down to the grocery store and ask has any of the men seen him. I'll be back pretty soon. Don't you get lost. Stay right here in this spot.

[EXITS *at L.*

SIS. Aw, now I gotta stay here when I wanta go inside and see the snake-eater.

ENTER SUFFICIENCY *from R.*

SUFFICIENCY. Hello, Sis, I didn't know you'd come to town.

SIS (*goes to him*). Oh, Sufficiency, have you got any money?

SUFFICIENCY. That's the first question a woman always asks a man. You act like you and me was married already.

SIS. I wanta go into the side-show and Aunt Jerushy won't gimme a cent.

SUFFICIENCY (*puts thumbs in suspenders and struts across front*). Oh, that's easy. I'll let you in free.

SIS (*looks at him in astonishment*). You? How kin you?

SUFFICIENCY (*grabs her wrist*). Shh! (*Leads her DOWN L., with long steps*) Shh!

SIS. What's the matter with you? You fizz like a sody fountain.

SUFFICIENCY. Shh! (*Leads her to R.*) Don't tell a soul.

SIS. Tell 'em what?

SUFFICIENCY. I got a job in the carnival.

SIS (*excited*). Are you going to run away and everything?

SUFFICIENCY. Naw, not that. My job only lasts a day.

SIS. What are you going to do?

SUFFICIENCY. I dunno yet; the boss ain't told me. He seen I was a slicker and he jest told me to report to him.

SIS. Take me with you, maybe he'll give me a job, too.

SUFFICIENCY. Naw, I can't do it. You ain't got no talent. I'm a natural born actor, I am.

SIS. You're a natural born gump. I calculate I've got jist as much talent as you have, smarty, so there! (*Sticks her tongue out at him. Phonograph music heard outside at R.*)

SUFFICIENCY. They're startin' the show. I gotta go,

'cause maybe they can't git along without me. Come on, and I'll see if I kin get you in free.

SIS (*takes his arm*). Oh, Sufficiency, you are the sweetest thing. (*They EXIT at R. Short pause*)

ENTER ELDER SNUFFELS *from R. He sneaks in and looks around; goes to R. front and whistles as if signalling someone off stage. Pause. He looks around cautiously and then repeats the signal. Finally REENO DE BEENO ENTERS from R. front.*

REENO (*takes both his hands*). Jim!

ELDER. Shhh! We mustn't be seen together. You came near queering the whole lay when you came out to the farm this morning. We gotta work cautious and slick.

REENO. I wanted to see you.

ELDER. Somebody found the letter you wrote to me.

REENO. Why did you lose it?

ELDER. Excitement, I guess. Have you found out anything more about the carnival money?

REENO. Sure, I have. Your little wife's a wise little bird.

ELDER. I'll say you are.

REENO. I know where I can lay my hands on nine hundred dollars of Barker's money whenever you say the word. All the last week's carnival profits.

ELDER. Fine work. But we mustn't be seen together. None of the carnival folks know we're married, do they?

REENO. I should say not. They don't know anything about me.

ELDER. So much the better. We'll clean up on this deal, Reeno. Next season we'll be running our own show.

REENO. But what have you been doing here in the tall timbers? What's your game, all dressed up like a parson?

ELDER. Shh, don't say a word. I am a parson. I'm Elder Snuffels, the leader of the Blue Law Snuffelites.

I've got six hundred of their cold hard dollars laid by and this afternoon I'm going to land another pile.

REENO. How?

ELDER. One of the long-grass sisters thinks I am going to marry her. She's over at the bank now drawing out her money to give to me to invest for her.

REENO (*laughs*). I reckon we'll invest it together. Jim, you're all right.

ELDER. I'll be glad to get back into the game again. This elder gag is getting too slow for Jim Saunders.

REENO. We must work fast. I'll get some street clothes somewhere and you meet me here in an hour. I'll have all Barker's carnival money and we'll catch the train before they suspect anything.

ENTER BARKER *from L.*

BARKER. Hello, Reeno.

REENO (*to ELDER, imitating the whining tones of a fortune-teller*). Won't you let the mystic Reeno de Beeno tell your fortune, mister? It'll only cost you fifty cents to learn your past, present and future. I'll bring you good luck, mister, honest I will! The mystic Reeno de Beeno never fails.

ELDER. Nay, nay, sister, fortune telling is vain and frivolous and such things are not for the Snuffelites. Brambles grow about thy feet and thy words are of iniquity. Cast up thy eyes unto the mountains and let thy thoughts soar unto the higher things. Repent, repent, my sister, and join the Snuffelites. (*Crosses to L.*) Then only can thee know true happiness.

REENO (*follows him*). But please let me tell your fortune, mister.

ELDER. Away, woman. I tell thee that fortune telling is an abomination. Try to be as I am, pure and holy, pure and holy. (*Stalks toward L.*) [EXITS *at L.*

BARKER (*at C.*). Where's my wife?

REENO (*at L., in natural tones*). I saw her walking

down the street with an old farmer. One of the girls said he was buying her ice-cream in the grocery.

BARKER. I'd like to wring his neck.

REENO (*looks off at R.*). Here they come now. You ought to shoot the old gump.

BARKER. Get back to your work.

REENO. All right. Don't get excited. A jealous man never knows who his real friends are.

[EXITS *at R. front.*

BARKER. I'll show that rube that he can't make a fool out of me. I'll get my gun and make him cough up. I'll make him fight a duel.

[EXITS *at L.*

HIRAM ENTERS *from R., strutting in with ELSIE clinging to his arm.*

HIRAM. Gee Whillikins, duck-eggs, if Aunt Jerushy could only see me now.

ELSIE. Didn't you say you were going to give me a roll of money?

HIRAM. If I did I ain't heard nothin' about it yet.

ELSIE. But you are, ain't you?

HIRAM. I should most emphatically, originally remark that I are not.

ELSIE. Then I'll tell my husband that you have insulted me.

HIRAM. Who insulted you? All I did was to buy you an ice-cream cone down at the grocery.

ELSIE. And my husband will kill you. (EXIT *R., saying "he'll kill you" until outside*)

HIRAM. That gal's gone plum crazy, er else she thinks that I'm an easy mark.

ENTER BARKER *at L., with two pistols.*

BARKER. So here you are, are you?

HIRAM. You bet I be. I'm the town constabule, too. What kin I do fer you?

BARKER. You can do nothing for me, but there's one thing you've got to do for yourself.

HIRAM. And what's that?

BARKER. Fight a duel, a duel with me, a duel to the death.

HIRAM. A doodle? What's a doodle?

BARKER. A duel. You have insulted my wife and I must have your heart's blood in reparation. See, I have two pistols. You take one.

HIRAM. I don't want none. You kin have 'em both.

BARKER. You take one, put it in your pocket, we will stand back to back, then when I count three we will take five steps forward.

HIRAM. I'll bet I'll take more'n five.

BARKER. At the fifth step we draw our pistols and fire, fire when we turn, and keep on firing until one or both of us are a lifeless corpse.

HIRAM. Say, mister, I didn't want to insult your wife. An ice-cream cone ain't no insult. Besides I didn't know she *was* your wife.

BARKER. Don't argue. Get ready. Fight like a man.

HIRAM. Say, I gotta go home. My wife Jerushy is waitin' for me.

BARKER. You should have thought of that before.

HIRAM. I'll never do it again. I make my apology.

BARKER. It is too late, too late.

HIRAM (*looks at his big watch*). It ain't three o'clock yet.

BARKER. Too late to apologize. Get ready or I'll kill you right where you stand.

HIRAM. I won't be standing here then. I'll be a half a mile down the road.

BARKER (*forces revolver on him*). Put this in your back pocket. (*HIRAM does so*) Now we'll turn back to back and when I count three fire.

HIRAM (*tremblingly complies*). I'm dead already and I don't know it. I can feel the undertaker patting me in the face with a spade.

BARKER (*counts*). One, two —

HIRAM (*turns*). Say, mister, let *me* do the counting.

BARKER. Well, all right, go ahead. (*They proceed as before*)

HIRAM. Are you ready?

BARKER. Sure.

HIRAM. Then here I go. One! (*Trembles all over*)

BARKER. Go on.

HIRAM. Two. (BARKER *draws gun*)

BARKER. Hurry up.

HIRAM. Two and a half. (*Hastily*) Wait a minute, wait a minute! Don't shoot.

BARKER. Why not?

HIRAM. I got to sneeze. (*Sneezes*)

BARKER. Now you've got to die. (*Points gun at him*)

HIRAM (*runs to BARKER and falls on his knees*). Wait a minute, mister. Don't kill me. Have you thought what will happen to you if you kill me?

BARKER (*hesitates*). Well, no; I haven't thought of that.

HIRAM. If you kill me they'll do the same to you.

BARKER. That's right. But you insulted my wife and you deserve to die.

HIRAM (*rises*). Say, I got an idea.

BARKER (*pushes gun against him*). No good. You've got to die.

HIRAM. Then let me commit suicide and they can't hurt you at all.

BARKER. That's a fine idea. You take your gun and go back of that tent and shoot yourself in the pathway.

HIRAM. Gosh, that's an awful place to shoot myself.

BARKER (*pokes gun against him*). Hurry now, or I'll shoot you myself.

HIRAM. Before I go, mister, I just want to say I'm sorry. (*Very slow and sad*) I'm sorry I gave your wife an ice-cream cone, I wish I'd 'a' given her some arsenic. But I apologize and this is my last hour on earth. Good-bye. (*Shakes hands sadly and walks slowly toward R. with head bowed down, BARKER holding his place and looking after HIRAM sadly*)

[EXIT HIRAM at R.]

BARKER. Poor fellow; maybe it wasn't his fault after all. He's a brave man; he offers to kill himself just to save me from the gallows. My conscience will trouble me for the rest of my life. I shouldn't have let him go. (*Shot heard off R.*) Good heavens, he has kept his word. He has committed suicide. Too bad, too bad.

ENTER HIRAM *from R., slowly and sadly with head bowed; he goes to BARKER and hands him the gun.*

HIRAM. Here.

BARKER. What does this mean? I thought you shot yourself.

HIRAM. I did. (*Dramatically*) I shut my eyes and put the gun right here (*Hand to heart*) then I pulled the trigger—(*Weeps*) I pulled the trigger——

BARKER. Yes, but you're not dead.

HIRAM. No, I know I ain't. You see, I'm a durn poor shot. (*BARKER chases him off at R., firing the gun as they go out*) [EXIT HIRAM and BARKER R.]

ENTER AUNT JERUSHY *from L.*

AUNT. Wait till I find him, that's all! Just wait till I lay my two hands on Hiram Fish and I'll make him wish he never left the hatchery. Down at the grocery store, was he? With one of the side-show gals, a-treatin' her to ice-cream sody cones! Oh, I'm so mad! Wait till I catch him, that's all. I'm on the war-path and I don't keer who knows it.

ENTER MISS SNAPPER *from rear R., weeping loudly.*

STELLY. Oh, oh, aw, my heart is broke, my heart is broke.

AUNT. Stelly Etta Snapper, what's ailin' ye?

STELLY. I'm deserted, Sister Fish, deserted at the altar, deserted by the Elder who's took every cent of my money and gimme the slip. Aww! (*Wails*)

AUNT. You mean he's run off and left you?

STELLY. He said he'd meet me at the corner and he took my money and I ain't laid eyes on him since. (*Weeps loudly*)

AUNT. I always suspected that man was a villyun, and him pretendin' to be so sanctimonious, too.

STELLY. I saw your husband, too.

AUNT. You saw Hiram? Where?

STELLY. Down by the grocery store about an hour ago with a show gal.

AUNT. Yes, I know. The men at the store told me. Wait till I lay hands on him!

STELLY. And wait till I lay hands on the Elder. (*Loud roaring sound heard off R., supposed to be lions. This effect is produced by drawing well resined cord across a cigar-box lid*)

AUNT. What on airth is that? (*Loud scream heard outside at R.*)

ENTER REENO R., *rushing in.*

REENO (*rushing across stage*). The wild man, the wild man! He's escaped! Run, run for your lives.

[EXITS at L., *screaming.*

STELLY. What did she say?

AUNT. She said the wild man had escaped. (STELLY screams loudly and runs to L.) [EXIT STELLY at L.

ENTER SIS and GIRLS from R., *running in screaming.*

GIRLS. He's escaped. The wild man and the lions! Run, run! (*They run to L.*) [EXIT GIRLS at L.

AUNT (*grabs SIS*). What's happened in there?

SIS (*loudly*). The wild man who eats snakes. He's escaped and one of the lions, too. Run, Aunt Jerushy, run. (*Runs toward L.*) [EXITS at L.

AUNT. For massy sakes! (*Runs toward L.*)

[EXITS at L.

ENTER HIRAM, BARKER and ELDER from R., *rushing in.*

HIRAM. Git a gun and shoot him.

BARKER. He's climbed up a tree.

ELDER. And the lion is scared to death.

HIRAM. He ain't no more skeerd than I am.

ENTER SIS *from L.*

SIS. Oh, Mr. Fish, Aunt Jerushy is on the war-path. She's after you for giving some show-gal some ice-cream sody cones.

HIRAM. Where is she?

SIS (*points to L.*). Over there.

HIRAM (*starts to run to R.*). Then I'm going over here.

BARKER (*grabs him*). The wild man will get you. (*Roars heard from outside*)

HIRAM. Who's a-skeerd of any wild man when Aunt Jerushy is on the war-path. I'd rather face a cage of lions and a million wild men.

ELDER. Run, run, he's coming. (*Loud roars and noise off R.*)

ENTER SUFFICIENCY *from R., dressed as a wild man; he runs in howling.*

SUFFICIENCY (*waving club and howling*). Wow, oskee, wow, wow! (*SIS runs out at L., screaming. The others jump down over the footlights and run up the aisle of the audience-room, followed by SUFFICIENCY, all yelling*)

RE-ENTER SIS *from L., followed by AUNT JERUSHY.*

SIS. The wild man is after Uncle Hiram.

AUNT. So is the wild woman. Wait till I catch him. (*HIRAM, ELDER and BARKER run down the other aisle and jump to the stage and rush out at L., followed by SUFFICIENCY, all yelling. AUNT grabs SUFFICIENCY when he gets on the stage. If stage is large enough,*

HIRAM, ELDER, BARKER and SUFFICIENCY *can run around stage instead of going into audience*)

SUFFICIENCY. You lemme go.

AUNT. It's Sufficiency Fish! (*Turns him over her knee and spansks him as the curtain falls, SIS laughing*)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as ACT II. BARKER and SIS DISCOVERED talking when the curtain rises.*

BARKER. Well, I think you'd make a pretty good show-girl, young lady.

SIS. Who, me?

BARKER. Yes, how would you like to have a job in my carnival?

SIS. Not me, nup, no siree!

BARKER. No?

SIS. I'm through with show folks forever, after the way my Sufficiency acted, dressin' up like a wild man and bustin' out and skeerin' us all.

BARKER (*laughs*). It wasn't his fault. He just got cold feet because I put him in the cage with the lion.

SIS. Cold feet? Huh, I guess when you go puttin' folks in a cage with a wild lion it's enough to make 'em cold all over. Why that 'ere lion mighta et my Sufficiency, so he might.

BARKER. No, the lion never would have touched him; you see our lion is tame.

SIS. Maybe he is, but Sufficiency's got a nervous disposition and lions is lions be they tame or be they wild, and it don't do no good to get close to 'em.

BARKER. But I thought you wanted to go on the stage.

SIS. I did onct, but never again no more. You lost a great actress when that 'ere lion got familiar with Sufficiency.

BARKER. Are you an actress?

SIS. I'll tell the world I am. (*To audience*) Ain't I? Say (*To BARKER*), do you wanter hear me sing?

BARKER. Sure, I've been vaccinated three times. (*Song by SIS with GIRLS who enter and sing chorus and then leave*)

SIS. My singing teacher said I had a mellow voice.

BARKER. You have. It's the mellowest voice I ever heard. Do you know what mellow means?

SIS. What does it mean?

BARKER. Rotten.

SIS. Well, there's only one thing I want now and that is to find Aunt Jerushy and start fer home. Where's Sufficiency?

BARKER. Who's that, the wild man?

SIS. He was wild once, but Aunt Jerushy's done got him tamed down now.

BARKER. He broke away from her and escaped in the crowd. We caught the lion and have got him safe, but we haven't caught the wild man.

SIS. No, ner you won't neither. Sufficiency has done had sufficiency of bein' wild.

BARKER. If I ever lay hands on him I'll make him wild. He's ruined my chance to make any money in this town.

SIS. I'm glad of it. Serves you right fer puttin' him in with a lion.

BARKER. You tell him to make himself scarce while I'm in town. [EXIT *at R.*

SIS. Yes, you'd better make yourself scarce, too, 'cause his paw is the constabule, and don't y' fergit it!

ENTER STELLY *from L., weeping.*

STELLY. Oh, my heart is broken; my poor heart is broken; my little, tender heart is broken.

SIS. What broke it?

STELLY. Elder Snuffels. He's deserted me, Sis, deserted me at the altar.

SIS. At the halter?

STELLY. No, the wedding altar. And he's got all my money, too.

SIS. How did he get it?

STELLY. I gave it to him at the bank, and that's the last I ever laid eyes on him. I'll have him arrested. Where's the constabule?

SIS. I dunno where he is. Aunt Jerushy is looking fer him, too, and she's on the war-path. Whatcha want with him?

STELLY. I'm going to have that perfidious, sneaking, mean-hearted, female-desertin' Elder Snuffels arrested and put into jail in the calaboose, that's what I am.

SIS. I'll bet he's gone.

STELLY. Where could he go? The train don't leave for an hour.

SIS. I'll bet he hired a ottymobile and run away.

STELLY (*scornfully*). Where could he get a ottymobile to hire in this town? (*Gives a sudden scream*) Wow!

SIS. What's the matter?

STELLY. I see it all. He's going to elope with that woman who came out to the farm this morning. That letter was for him. He's got my money and they're going to elope together. Where's the constabule? I'll have him arrested and put in jail if it's my last act.

ENTER SUFFICIENCY *from L.* Ladies do not see him.

SIS. You go and find Uncle Hiram and he'll arrest the Elder. He ain't got any too much love fer him no-how.

SUFFICIENCY. That's right.

STELLY (*sees SUFFICIENCY*). Oh, the wild man, the wild man! (*Faints in SIS's arms*)

SIS (*throwing her to SUFFICIENCY*). Here, you take her.

SUFFICIENCY (*allowing her to slide to the floor in a sitting position*). Whatcha think I am, a parlor sofa, er sump'm?

STELLY (*kneels to him*). Oh, don't kill me. (*Gets up*) Please, don't kill me. (*Runs toward L. with short, mincing steps*) [EXITS at L.

SIS. Sufficiency Fish, you orter be ashamed of yourself.

SUFFICIENCY. Wall, I am.

SIS. Dressing up like a wild man and scaring everybody into fits. You're a pretty looking sight.

SUFFICIENCY. Do you think I'm pretty?

SIS. No, I don't; I think you're disgusting, eating snakes and things.

SUFFICIENCY. I never et no snakes, I never et nothin'. (*Starts to cry*) They wouldn't gimme nothin' to eat. All they did was to stick me in the cage with a lion.

SIS. And wasn't you scared of him?

SUFFICIENCY. Who, me? Say, I could just take him up by his tail and whirl him around like that. (*Gestures*)

SIS. What did you break out and run for?

SUFFICIENCY. I couldn't git ahold of his tail.

SIS. Did he come after you?

SUFFICIENCY. I'll say he did. If I hadn't 'a' broke loose there wouldn't be nothin' left of Sufficiency but pork chops.

SIS. Where's Aunt Jerushy? I wanta go home.

SUFFICIENCY. I dunno where she is. She gimme a wallop and I broke away and run like a bee-stung calf. I ain't a skeerd of no lions, but when Aunt Jerushy gits on the war-path, whoop-ee!

SIS. The whole village is talking about you.

SUFFICIENCY. I know it, I'm a hero. It ain't every young feller that gits a chance to be a wild man and fight a lion in his cage.

SIS (*bashfully*). I think you're awfully brave.

SUFFICIENCY. Huh, you just orter see me when I got a good chance, why, I ain't skeerd of nothin'.

SIS. You'd better go on in there and dress up like a human being and we'll go home.

SUFFICIENCY. That's jist what I'm going to do. The feller owes me five dollars, too.

SIS. He said you'd better make yourself scarce while he was in town.

SUFFICIENCY. Huh, I reckon I ain't afraid of him. (*Crosses to R.*) I'm going to get my money and my clothes, er I'll bust up his hull dog-gone show.

[EXITS R.]

SIS. Wait a minute and I'll go with you. You might need me to protect you. Wait a minute! (*Runs out at R.*)

ENTER AUNT JERUSHY *from L.*

AUNT. I ain't been able to lay eyes on Hiram Fish yet. I suppose he's still a-gallyvantin' round buying ice-cream sody cones for the gals. Wait till I catch him, that's all. I think I'd just better kinda hide around here by the tent and wait for him. He's sure to come here. (*Hides at rear L.*)

ENTER BARKER *and* ELSIE *from R.*

BARKER. Are you sure it was Reeno?

ELSIE. Of course I am. (*AUNT appears up L., listening*) She was over by the doll tent, sneaking along and I followed her. She met an old farmer and I saw him give her a big roll of money. It must have been six or seven hundred.

BARKER. So that's her little game, is it? I'll have to keep an eye on her and see what she's up to. It won't do for us to get mixed up in anything crooked here. (*They cross to L.*) So an old rube gave her his roll, did he? It looks like shady business to me.

[EXIT BARKER *and* ELSIE L.]

AUNT (*coming forward*). An old rube gave her his money! It's Hiram! Oh, that I should have lived to

see this day. No wonder she came out to the farm to see him. Just wait till I lay hands on that man.

ENTER REENO *from R.*

REENO. Tell your fortune, pretty lady?

AUNT. No, I calculate I know my fortune and it's a bad one. I'm married to a scamp.

REENO. Most women are, that's nothing new.

AUNT. Say, how would you like to make ten dollars?

REENO. What would I have to do, lady?

AUNT. I'll tell you. I'm on the war-path.

REENO. What for?

AUNT. I'm a jealous woman and I'm on the trail of my husband. He's been giving one of these carnival girls all his money. Now I want to hide around here and watch him. I was wondering if you'd dress me up as a fortune-teller and let me hide in your tent. Then I can see what Hiram's up to.

REENO. Sure I can. I'll tell you what I'll do, for ten dollars I'll trade clothes with you and you can catch him dead to rights.

AUNT. Good. Let's hurry up; he's liable to be here at any minute. Wait till I lay hands on that man!

REENO. Come into my tent. (*Crosses to R. front*) This way. (*Leads her to R.*)

[EXIT REENO *and* AUNT *at R.*]

NOTE.—A feature specialty may be introduced here, such as a male quartet, a jazz orchestra, a costume song or fancy dancing, but it should be done in costume as if the performers were from the carnival.

ENTER HIRAM *and* BARKER *from R.*

HIRAM. You say your wife saw an old farmer give the fortune-teller a roll of money?

BARKER (*at R. c.*). That's right.

HIRAM (*at L. c.*). I don't believe it. There ain't no

old farmer around here who's got a roll of money, unless maybe it's ——— (*Insert local name*)

BARKER. My wife said he was a sanctimonious old man dressed in black.

HIRAM. I'll bet a doughnut to a load of hay that it was Elder Snuffels. But where he got a roll of money is beyond me.

BARKER. I just thought I'd tell you so as there wouldn't be any trouble for the carnival.

HIRAM. I got a good notion to hunt him up and arrest him upon suspicion and alibi. I've had my suspicions fer some time and when the town constabule has suspicions, you wanter look out.

ENTER SUFFICIENCY *running in from R., panting hard, as if he had been running a long way. He goes DOWN C., panting.*

SUFFICIENCY. Oh, oh, gosh, lemme ketch my breath. (*To BARKER*) Run, mister, it's all gone. She's took it. Run, run! (*Pants*)

BARKER. What are you talking about?

SUFFICIENCY. Oh, boss, I got sump'n awful to tell you. Jist lemme ketch my breath.

BARKER. Well, tell me and tell me quick.

SUFFICIENCY. You'll have a fit when you hear it. I was in there—in there (*Point R.*) where you keep your money—I was in there—say, lemme ketch my breath.

BARKER. My money, what about my money? (*Shakes him*)

SUFFICIENCY. Me and Sis was in there and she didn't see us, but we saw her. She sneaked in and opened your safe and—say, lemme ketch my breath.

HIRAM (*grabs his other arm and shakes him*). Sufficiency Fish, you go on er I'll arrest ye, by Gosh, fer complicity and bigamy.

SUFFICIENCY. I am a-goin' on as fast as I kin. I run so hard that all the breeze is done oozed outa me. (*Pants*)

BARKER. You say somebody tried to open my safe?

SUFFICIENCY. She didn't only try, she *did* open it, and she's got all your money.

BARKER. Who was it?

SUFFICIENCY. I dunno, some old woman.

BARKER. When?

SUFFICIENCY. Just now. In there. Wait till I ketch my breath. (*Pants*)

BARKER. Where is the woman?

SUFFICIENCY. She got away. Sis yelled at her, but she ran away. Gosh, I'm excited.

BARKER. Come on, constabule, here's a real job for you. [EXITS at R., running.

HIRAM. I'd orter go home and git my gun, I might need it. [EXITS at R., running.

SUFFICIENCY. Gosh, there ain't been so much excitement in this here town since old Hank Lithers kicked his wife in the lime-kiln.

ENTER STELLY from L.

STELLY. Sufficiency, where's your father?

SUFFICIENCY (*points to R.*). In there. There's been a robbery and poppy's after the thief.

STELLY. I know it. It was my money.

SUFFICIENCY. What was your money doing in the carnival safe?

STELLY. Where are they? I want my money back. (*Starts toward R. and bumps into SIS as she ENTERS R.*) Why don't you look where you're going?

[EXITS at R.

SIS (*makes a "face" after her and calls*). Why don't you go where you're looking? Oh, Sufficiency, I'm so skeerd.

SUFFICIENCY. Whatcha skeerd of? Ain't I here?

SIS. I'm skeerd to tell what I know. Uncle Hiram and the boss is looking all over the show grounds for that woman, but they can't find her.

SUFFICIENCY. How do you know they can't? My

poppy is a reg'lar slicker when it comes to findin' womern.

SIS (*goes close to him*). Sufficiency Fish, didn't you recognize that womern?

SUFFICIENCY. Which womern?

SIS. The one who stole the money from the safe?

SUFFICIENCY. How could I recognize her? I didn't know her.

SIS. I did. I knowed her by her dress and bunnet.

SUFFICIENCY. Who was she?

SIS. I couldn't see her face, but I'd know that dress and bunnet if I was to meet 'em walking down the golden streets of the land of Jerden. Sufficiency, it was Aunt Jerushy.

SUFFICIENCY. Aw, go on, you got the deleritous trimmins.

SIS. I ain't either. I'm positive who it was; it was Aunt Jerushy. I guess I've cleaned that dress and bunnet many a time.

SUFFICIENCY. What would my stepmaw be doing stealing the carnival money?

SIS. Ain't it turrible? Maybe she's going to elope with one of them Turks, er sump'n.

SUFFICIENCY. You dunno what you're talkin' about.

ENTER HIRAM *from R.*

HIRAM (*at R.*). I got a clew.

SIS (*at C.*). What's a clew?

SUFFICIENCY (*at L.*). Don't you know nothin'? A clew is what you stick things together with.

HIRAM. The woman who stole the money out'n the safe dropped this little hand-bag. See!

SUFFICIENCY. Suffering tadpoles, that's Aunt Jerushy's!

SIS. What did I tell ye?

HIRAM. What do you mean?

SIS. It was Aunt Jerushy who robbed the safe. I seen her when she done it.

HIRAM (*hand to head, staggered*). My wife!

SIS. Ain't it turrible?

HIRAM. You say you saw her do it?

SIS (*sadly*). Yes, Uncle Hiram.

HIRAM. Which way did she go?

SIS. Over toward the hotel. (*Points to R.*)

HIRAM. She must have been struck by the heat. You go over there, Sis, and see if you can find her. Gosh, this is terrible. A constabule on the trail of his own lawful wedded wife. (*Weeps*) I'd never 'a' thunk it of Jerushy. Hurry along, Sis. [EXIT SIS, *sadly at R.*

SUFFICIENCY. Say, poppy, I don't believe a word of it. I know Aunt Jerushy wouldn't rob no safe. She ain't that kind of a hairpin. Don't you take on, poppy. I know it waren't Aunt Jerushy. [EXITS *at R.*

HIRAM. Of course it waren't. Jerushy is out on the farm paring onions fer supper. You couldn't drag her to a carnival with a ox-goad.

ENTER AUNT *from R., dressed as the fortune-teller.*

AUNT. Tell your fortune, mister? Let me look at your hand and I'll tell you things you never dreamed of.

HIRAM. Are you one of them second-hand readers?

AUNT. I am the witch that knows the future. (*Takes his hand and looks at it*) Ah, ha, I see you are a married man.

HIRAM. Where do you see that?

AUNT. Right there. And your name is Fish.

HIRAM. Where do you see that?

AUNT. That line there.

HIRAM. Well, I'll be buckled!

AUNT. And you are trying to deceive your true and faithful wife.

HIRAM (*looks at his hand*). Where's that?

AUNT. That little line there.

HIRAM. That ain't no line; that's dirt.

AUNT. You think you can fool your wife, but you

can't. Your wife is just as cute as you are. She's a slicker.

HIRAM. From what I've just heerd I calculate that you are right.

AUNT. She's here at the carnival. I see it in your hand.

HIRAM. What's she doing here?

AUNT. She's on the war-path.

HIRAM. That ain't nothing new. But what is she doing now?

AUNT. She's got her eye on you. Beware, beware, for vengeance shall surely come, and when it comes it will strike like lightning. Enough. That is all.

[EXITS *at R.*

ENTER ELSIE *from L.*

ELSIE. Have you seen my husband?

HIRAM. No, he's been robbed and he's looking for the thief. Here he is now.

ENTER BARKER *from R.*

BARKER. No use, she's given us the slip.

ELSIE. I saw that rube who gave the roll of bills to Reeno again and I followed him and who do you think it was?

BARKER (*at c.*). Who?

ELSIE (*at L.*). Jim Saunders, the crook.

BARKER. You mean old Jim Saunders is here dressed like a rube?

ELSIE. I surely do. I'd know him in Heaven.

HIRAM (*at R.*). You made a mistake. There ain't nobody lives around here named Jim Saunders. There's old Aunt Lizy Saunders who lives over at Henscrabble, maybe it was her.

BARKER. If Jim Saunders is in town that explains everything. But I wonder who the old woman was who robbed the safe.

HIRAM. Wall, I dunno for sure but I've got my suspicions.

BARKER. Jim will be coming back to see Reeno. She's his wife.

HIRAM. Then I'll bet a dollar he won't come back to see her. He'll go t'other way.

BARKER. There's her tent over there. (*Points to R.*) We'll stay here and watch that tent. Come on, Elsie. (*BARKER and ELSIE hide at rear L.*)

ENTER STELLY *from L.*

STELLY. Hiram Fish, have you found my money yet?

HIRAM. What money?

STELLY. The money that Elder Snuffels stole from me. All my fortune.

HIRAM. No, I ain't found it yet, but I'm on the trail.

STELLY. So is Aunt Jerushy. She's on *your* trail. I just saw her down by the race-track and she's coming this way.

HIRAM. Are you sure it was my wife?

STELLY. I didn't see her face but I could swear to the dress and bunnet. You'd better make yourself scarce. [EXIT STELLY *at L.*

HIRAM. Yup, I dunno but what that's a good idee.

ENTER REENO DE BEENO *from L., dressed as AUNT JERUSHY.*

HIRAM. It's too late. She's got me. (*REENO keeps her face hidden*) Jerushy Fish, what is the meaning of your actions? Come here to me and lemme arrest you for burglary, highway robbery, manslaughter, arson, complicity, attending carnivals and other crimes and misdemeanors too numerous to mention. Come here and put on these here handcuffs. — (*REENO runs out at L. while HIRAM looks through pockets for handcuffs*) Come here, I say! (*Looks around*) Gosh, she's escaped. Hi, there, stop her! Jerushy, you're arrested! (*Runs to L., carrying handcuffs*) [EXITS *at L.*

ENTER AUNT JERUSHY *from R., dressed as the fortune-teller.*

AUNT. I'm getting so rattled that I dunno what I'm doing, but this I *do* know that I'm on the war-path and I'll stay here until I learn the truth, come what may.

ENTER ELDER SNUFFELS *from L.*

ELDER. Did you get the money? (AUNT *nods*) Then go in and put on a coat and hat. The train leaves in twenty minutes. Everything is jake, but we ain't got a minute to spare. (BARKER and ELSIE *appear at rear L. and watch*) Come on.

[EXIT *at R., followed by AUNT.*

BARKER. We've got 'em dead to rights.

ENTER HIRAM *from L.*

HIRAM. I couldn't catch her.

BARKER. They're in there. (ENTERING *with ELSIE and pointing R.*)

HIRAM. Who is?

BARKER. Jim Saunders and his wife Reeno. They're the crooks. Now all you've got to do is to go in there and arrest them.

HIRAM. Who, me?

BARKER. Sure. You're the constabule, ain't you?

HIRAM. Yup, but this is my day off. I never arrest no folks when the carnival is in town. And besides I ain't got my gun.

BARKER (*offers him pistol*). Here, take mine.

HIRAM. Look out, it might go off.

BARKER. Have you got the handcuffs?

HIRAM. Sure. Here they be.

BARKER. Come on, then. I'll take the gun and make 'em put their hands up and all you've got to do is to handcuff them. I got to get my money back.

HIRAM. Say, I ain't feeling very well. I got the toothache.

BARKER. Don't be a coward. We'll surprise them.
Come on. [EXITS R.]

HIRAM. Gosh, I wisht I'd 'a' stayed to home.
[EXITS R., *trembling*.]

BARKER (*off stage at R.*). Throw up your hands.
(*Pause*) I got you, Jim Saunders, and you can't get away. Handcuff 'em, constabule.

ENTER BARKER *from R., backing in and pointing pistol at ELDER and AUNT who keep their hands up and*
ENTER R. *followed by* HIRAM.

ELSIE (*at L. corner, near audience*). That's Jim Saunders all right.

BARKER (*backing to her, then stands at L. c.*). Sure it is. Search 'em, constabule.

ELDER (*at c.*). But, brother, I tell you it is a mistake. I am Elder Snuffels. Surely you know me, Brother Fish?

HIRAM (*at R.*). I don't know no good of ye. Throw up them hands higher er I'll shoot you in the gangway.
(*Then to AUNT who stands at R. c.*) You too, woman!

BARKER. Elsie, you search Reeno while the constabule searches Jim. (*They do this*)

HIRAM. Thirty-seven cents and a collar button is all I find. (*Goes back to R.*)

ELSIE. Why, this woman is not Reeno de Beeno.

ALL. Not Reeno?

ELSIE (*throws back AUNT's veil*). No, she's a perfect stranger.

HIRAM. Jumping hookworms, that's my wife!

BARKER. Your wife?

HIRAM. Jerushy Fish, what does this mean? Speak and explain everything! Oh, you double-dyed deceiver, thief, eloper, criminal! Don't say a word. What does this mean?

AUNT (*goes toward him with arms outstretched*). Oh, Hiram, husband ——

HIRAM. Don't you Hiram husband me! Back, viper; at last I see you in your true colors.

AUNT. But it's all a mistake.

HIRAM. Going to elope with the Elder, do you call that all a mistake?

AUNT. I never was going to elope with nobody. (*Tearfully*) Oh, Hiram!

HIRAM. And robbing the carnival safe, I suppose that was a mistake too?

AUNT. I don't know what you mean. I came out here to the carnival to watch you. I heard you'd been flirting with some girl, so I dressed up like the fortune-teller to keep my eye on you.

HIRAM. On me? So you wanted to spy on your innocent husband, did you?

AUNT. Yes, Hiram. Can you ever forgive me?

HIRAM. Will you promise never to do it again?

AUNT. Yes, I'll promise. I know that you are as true as steel and as good as gold. Please, forgive me! Please forgive your little Jerushy.

HIRAM. Wall, I dunno.

ENTER SIS and SUFFICIENCY from L. holding REENO, who is tied up with a clothes-line.

SUFFICIENCY. Constabule, there's your prisoner!

HIRAM (*at R.*). Who is this woman?

AUNT (*with him at R.*). That's the fortune-teller. I changed clothes with her.

ELSIE (*at L.*). It's Reeno ——

BARKER (*at L. with her*). de Beeno.

REENO (*at L. c., between SUFFICIENCY and SIS*). Jim, have they got you, too?

ELDER (*at R. c.*). Yes, the game is up. (*Starts to lower arms*)

BARKER. Throw up them hands.

SIS (*on REENO'S R.*). We followed her, Uncle Hiram. We thought she was Aunt Jerushy until we saw her face.

SUFFICIENCY (*on REENO'S L.*). Then I tied her up

with a clothes-line and lookee at the money she had in the hand-bag. (*Shows it*)

ENTER STELLY from L. *She goes DOWN C. watching all.*

BARKER (*grabs hand-bag from SUFFICIENCY and takes roll of bills from it*). The carnival money.

STELLY (*grabs hand-bag from BARKER and takes another roll from it*). My money! (*Turns to ELDER*) Oh, you villyun, you orter be hung and tarred and feathered.

HIRAM (*handcuffs ELDER and REENO together*). I got ye. You are now in the hands of the constabule.

AUNT. But Hiram, you ain't said you'd forgive me yet?

HIRAM. I'll forgive you on one condition.

AUNT. What is it?

HIRAM. That you promise never to go on the war-path again.

AUNT. Oh, Hiram. (*Throws her arms around him*)

HIRAM (*to ELDER and REENO*). This way to the cala-boose. (*Shoves them to R.*)

CHORUS GIRLS ENTER *and all sing chorus of some bright song.*

CURTAIN

ENTERTAINMENTS

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY PRICE 25 CENTS

Eccentric entertainment, by B. K. Phillips. 5 males, 11 females, girls and boys as wished. 1 interior. Time, a full evening. This is a country village entertainment presenting well known types, such as an old maid, village gossip, deacon, bad boy, etc. Local hits, songs, specialties, etc., may be introduced.

THE BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION PRICE 25 CENTS

Popular entertainment, by E. M. Crane. 2 males (may be played by females) 30 or more females. 1 interior. Time, a full evening. A most amusing conception, eminently suitable for church and school. Specialties may be introduced.

THE BELLES OF BLACKVILLE PRICE 15 CENTS

Minstrel entertainment, by N. H. Pelham. 20 or more females. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. Complete minstrel show for female impersonators, with bright and new jokes, droll conundrums, songs and dances. Closes with a comical afterpiece entitled "Patchwork."

A BUNCH OF ROSES PRICE 15 CENTS

Burlesque musical entertainment given for the benefit of the "Free Ice Fund of the Philippine Islands," by W. D. Felter. 1 male, 13 females. 1 interior. Time, 1½ hours. It includes specialties, living pictures, Mother Goose chorus, etc., and closes with an operetta entitled "Johnny Jones."

IN THE FERRY HOUSE PRICE 25 CENTS

Eccentric entertainment, by E. M. Crane. 15 males, 11 females. 1 scene, located in a ferry waiting-room. Time, 1½ hours. The number of characters may be arranged according to circumstances. Specialties. Recommended for church and school.

THE MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE PRICE 25 CENTS

Humorous entertainment, by N. H. Pelham. 10 males, 11 females. 2 interiors. Time, 2 hours. A widow and two daughters becoming destitute open a "Matrimonial Exchange." The various applicants are a bankrupt nobleman, two wealthy females in search of titled husbands, a song and dance actor, an animal trainer, a washlady and her four performing children, etc. Introduces songs, dances, etc.

AN OLD PLANTATION NIGHT PRICE 25 CENTS

Black face entertainment, by E. & E. Hazzard. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Time, a full evening. This is a simple representation of life "in de quarters," showing some of the quaint superstitions and frolicsome merry-makings of the mellow-voiced race. This is not a minstrel show.

PRINCESS KIKU PRICE 25 CENTS

Japanese romance, by M. F. Hutchinson. 9 female speaking parts and 4 moonbeam fairies. Time, 2 hours. 6 scenes, which, as well as costumes, are fully described. All can be easily arranged. Recommended for girls' schools and for church entertainments.

PROF. JINGLEJAW'S EXHIBITION REHEARSAL PRICE 25 CENTS

A 1 act old fashioned school-type entertainment, but on novel lines, by L. W. Holden. 8 males, 7 females, principals and others as may be available. 1 interior. Time, "straight" ¾ hour. Specialties may be introduced.

ENTERTAINMENTS

YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO

Humorous Entertainment. Thirteen Males, Fourteen Females

BY ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

One interior scene. The number of characters may be made to suit circumstances. It is particularly comical if presented with adults dressed as children. The proceedings occupy two sessions, the first being devoted to general exercises, a spelling-bee, etc., and the second to recitations, songs, specialties, etc. Plays a full evening.

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE SWEET FAMILY

Specialty Entertainment. Eight Females

BY W. D. FELTER

No scenery required. This wonderful family consists of Ma Sweet and her seven interesting daughters of various ages and accomplishments, who render a program musical, literary and otherwise. Plays about one hour.

PRICE 25 CENTS

IN THE FERRY HOUSE

Eccentric Entertainment. Fifteen Males, Eleven Females

BY ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

One scene, located in a ferry waiting-room. The number of characters may be arranged according to circumstances, many of them being typical and eccentric. Recommended for church and other entertainments. Admits of specialties. Plays one and a half hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE

Humorous Entertainment. Ten Males, Eleven Females

BY N. H. PELHAM

Two interior scenes. A widow and two daughters become destitute. The daughters start a Matrimonial Exchange. Applicants arrive, a bankrupt nobleman, two wealthy females in search of titled husbands, a song and dance actor, an animal trainer, a wash-lady with four children, an Irish widow, etc. With specialties, plays two hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

AN OLD PLANTATION NIGHT

Black Face Entertainment. Four Males, Four Females

One interior scene. A musical and dramatic entertainment for four male and four female characters forming a double quartette. This is a simple representation of life "in de quarters" showing some of the quaint superstitions and frolicsome merry-makings of the mel-low-voiced race. This is not a minstrel show. Plays a full evening.

PRICE 25 CENTS

SCRUBTOWN SEWING CIRCLE'S THANKSGIVING

Characteristic Entertainment. Six Females

BY MAUDE L. HALL

One interior scene. A characteristic entertainment in which, among other interesting incidents, each of the old ladies gives her reasons for thankfulness. An all star study of character with an unusual send off. Plays thirty-five minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

FEMALE CHARACTERS

RECEPTION DAY AT THE SETTLEMENT HOUSE

An entertainment in 1 act, by Agnes C. Ruggeri. Can be played by 12 or 16 female characters. 1 interior scene, simple or elaborate, as desired. Time, if played straight, 1 hour, or can be lengthened if specialties are introduced. The managers of the "New Thought Settlement House" invite their friends, nominally to inspect the building, but incidentally to induce some financial support. Among the visitors are German and Irish characters, suffragists, etc., some in favor of and others opposed to the movement, all widely contrasted and all good. This play has been presented several times for some of New York's largest churches and always with great success.

PRICE 25 CENTS

A DAY AND A NIGHT

A comedy in 2 acts, by Agnes C. Ruggeri. 10 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, about 1 hour. Modern costumes. Dorothy, an idealist on the subject of boarding houses, advertises as about to open a cozy, comfortable home for members of her down-trodden sex. The applicants, including a suffragist, a demonstrator, an actress and a singer, are of such different classes that great scope is given for character impersonations. Jennie, the waitress, and Mammy Sue, the colored cook, have strong comedy parts.

PRICE 25 CENTS

ROSEMARY

A play in 4 acts, by Arolyn Caverly Cutting. 14 female characters. 1 interior scene, plain or elaborate, as may be desired. Time, 1½ hours. Particularly adapted for girls' high schools. The action of the play occurs in Boston. The cast, including as it does two Southern girls, a prim Boston matron, an old darkey mammy, an Irish maid, the "twinnies" and the other Boston residents, gives great scope for character acting.

PRICE 25 CENTS

A CONVERTED SUFFRAGIST

A play in 1 act, by Katharine Kavanaugh. 3 female characters. 1 easy interior scene. Time, about 30 minutes. Modern costumes. An excellent opportunity for a clever dialect comedienne, as an old darkey mammy has a very effective rôle and is quite important in developing the unexpected climax.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE WHITE DOVE OF ONEIDA

A romantic drama in 2 acts and an after scene, by Helen P. Kane. 4 female characters. Plain interior scene. Time, about 45 minutes. Easily produced. An absorbing story of a child who has been stolen by the Indians and her restoration after many years.

PRICE 15 CENTS

A LESSON IN ELEGANCE

A play in 1 act, by Bernard Herbert. 4 female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 30 minutes. A bright little society play, with numerous keen witticisms at the expense of ultra-fashionable people.

PRICE 15 CENTS

NEW PLAYS

★ **THAT PARLOR MAID.** 25 cents. A comedy in 3 acts, by HELEN C. CLIFFORD. 5 male, 6 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, about 1½ hours. *Anna*, who thinks a parlor maid's duty is in the parlor amusing the guests, wins the favor of all, while *Drusilla*, a poetess, drives everybody to desperation. *Mrs. Hamilton*, who wants her son *Bob* to marry a girl of high social standing, is horribly shocked when a telegram arrives announcing the elopement of *Bob* and "*That Parlor Maid*." *Mrs. Hamilton* and *Uncle John's* schemes and all the double crossing is not cleared until the final curtain. Every part good.

★ **HAPPINESS AT LAST.** 25 cents. Comedy in 3 acts, by J. L. SHUTE and BEULAH KING. 4 male, 5 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, 1½ hours. *Mary* realizes that *Uncle John* must stay single while she, her sister and aunt remain parasites. To help her uncle she determines on a career for herself. A harmless flirtation which almost becomes serious and the perplexing situations which are brought about by *Mary's* schemes to marry off her aunt and sister are very funny indeed.

★ **FOUR ADVENTURERS, The.** 25 cents. A comedy in 1 act, by KATHARINE KAVANAUGH. 4 female characters. 1 interior scene, very simple. Time, 30 minutes. An amateur artist, cook, author, and singer have decided to stick to their careers because they think it is Bohemian, although they are nearly starving. *Virginia* betrays them to the enemy, "Their Sweethearts," and everybody is happy.

★ **FRIENDLY TIP, A.** 25 cents. A playlet in 1 act, by KATHARINE KAVANAUGH. 1 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, 30 minutes. *Jim* calls on *Jean*, a former sweetheart, and tells her of his monotonous married life. The clever scheme by which *Jean* brings back the love to a husband and wife who are drifting apart is told in the play. Every part good.

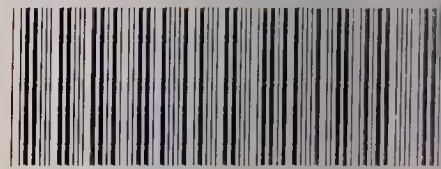
★ **IT AINT MY FAULT.** 25 cents. A comedy in 1 act, by KATHARINE KAVANAUGH. 3 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, 45 minutes. *Jimmie* endeavors to obtain an interview with *Elise Morton*, a pupil in the DeKalb School for Young Ladies, in order to find out the whereabouts of her father who has apparently disappeared. By masquerading as one of the pupils, which causes many funny situations, *Jimmie* succeeds in getting the information. Poor *Noah* is blamed for it all, but he says, "It Aint My Fault." Suited for Schools.

★ **IMPORTANCE OF PAM.** 25 cents. Comedy in 3 acts, by BEULAH KING. 4 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Time, about 1½ hours. *Mrs. Seddon* is depending entirely upon the talents and brilliant matches of her two eldest daughters to replenish the coffers of the family fortune, which have dwindled to nothing. She completely overlooks any possibility of *Pam*, the youngest daughter, the "Ugly Duckling," of the family being of any assistance. *Pam's* inventive genius however comes to the rescue much to the surprise of all and the family is once again re-established.

★ **PAPER CAVALIER.** 25 cents. Comedy in 2 acts, by BEULAH KING. 2 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Time, about 1 hour. *Cecile*, a very lively and beautiful girl is exiled to the Castle of Drearidum to hold her aloof from any suitors. Notwithstanding all precautions of her woman-hating guardian uncle, she manages to make her escape in a very novel manner which leads up to a very exciting climax. A clever sketch highly recommended for schools.

★ **WIGGINS OF POP-OVER FARM.** 25 cents. Rural Comedy-drama in 4 acts, by HOWARD P. TAYLOR. 11 males, 4 females (by doubling, 8 males and 4 females). 1 interior, and 2 exteriors. Time, about 2 hours. A play somewhat on the lines of "*The Old Homestead*," telling of the experiences of *Sim*, the runaway son, accused of robbery and fully exonerated through the efforts of *Speck*, a waif, whom he had befriended in the big city. *Zeb*, the father, is a clever Yankee farmer, through whose role runs a huge vein of quaint, fetching humor. *Mandy*, his droll spinster sister, is a type. *Grace*, *Amy*, *Tom* and *Freddy*, an English fop, portray the society roles. *Uriah*, a kittenish old beau, and *Ben*, a country booby, have small, but excellent character bits.

★ **GORGEOUS CECILE.** The. 25 cents. A comedy in 3 acts, by BEULAH KING. 4 male, 5 female characters. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. Max, the son of a wealthy widower, notwithstanding the schemes of his father and aunts, has remained obdurate to all of their matrimonial plans. Upon his return home for a visit, he finds, as usual, a girl whom it is hoped will subjugate him, but the hopes are frustrated, as it is "The Gorgeous Cecile" to whom he turns.



NOTICE

Fraternal and Secret Societies

"INITIATION STUNTS"

By Lieut. Beale Cormack

A collection of side degree stunts, initiations, yells, cheers, toasts, etc. Also complete side degree works which can be used as guides in forming other fraternal societies.

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